

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday, April 10, 1938



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY presents here for the first time in America, the work of the British artist, A. K. Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald's paintings appear regularly in the leading English and Continental periodicals,

where his delicacy of line and the grace and charm of his girls are much admired. Mr. Macdonald is a Scotsman and often works in serious mood, but the series of three pages which he has drawn especially for The American Weekly

is in the somewhat frivolous and fantastic spirit of his most popular work. This week Mr. Macdonald has given his interpretation of American girls in terms of butterflies. Next week he will picture them in terms of birds.

patient in time, So They Brought the "Doctor" to the Sick Man

IT'S AN OLD Chinese custom to pay the doctor while the person is well. When the patient is ill, the doctor doesn't get a penny. Thus he tries to keep his customers healthy.

Now there comes from India a fantastic variation of this contrary practice. It is the case of Butchia the magician, who recited his more or less medical incantations in a tiny village near Warrangal in Central India. Until recently things prospered with Butchia. He managed to make a comfortable living out of the mumbo-jumbo that his father had taught him. If things went wrong, it was his method to blame the stars for being "against" the patient. If by chance the patient recovered, it was Butchia who received the credit—and the cash.

One evening, it started for Butchia though he did not know it, he was called to the house of a sick man. It was a gloomy hut, almost it had the smell of death upon it. But Butchia, pleased in his property, neglected to take warning. In he marched, alarmingly healthy in his behavior, and opened his "medical case." With a look at the solemn faces of the five brothers of the sick man, Butchia effaced his cheerfulness and assumed a professional and prophetic dignity. He brought out various fantastic instruments: they were magic knives and balls and other devices for surgery of the spirit.

Butchia then solemnly squatted on the earth floor and invoked the lightning bolts, the thunder and the rain; he called upon his professional gods and the gods of his ancestors. The five brothers watched without saying a word. At last, after an hour of babbling his technical language, the little magician surveyed his sick, gathered together his instruments and bowed to the five silent brothers. "He's as good as well again," he told the men.

Butchia's grin faded when the tallest of the five answered him. "He had better be or you will regret it!" - The following evening, Butchia was back, but his heart was no longer in his work. The sick man, Butchia could see, was sicker; the scowls of the brothers were blacker. But he brewed an elaborate potion, a mixture which was certainly potent if the wilderness of what went into it had any power. Butchia made the sick man drink this liquid. Seeing the way the winds were blowing, the magician



The Coffin Was Dropped Into the Pit, and Butchia, the "Doctor" of Black Magic That Didn't Work, Was Dragged in After It. The Brothers Begon Shoveling, Burying Him Alive.

darkly spoke of trouble among the stars which would complicate the patient's recovery. But the brothers said it was up to him to unmask whatever difficulty the stars created.

The next night, the invalid was still sinking. Butchia performed all the rites he could think of, then he got up to go. But the brothers barred his way. Two of them fed him outside the hut and a third tied him to a stake. Then all five of them beat him for 15 minutes under the darkness of night. Butchia's howls of anguish were silenced by a gag. When they were finished, the brothers gathered around, tried to crawl away, but they drove him into the hut and guarded the entrance against his escape.

The following night they beat him a half hour; but still their sick brother became sicker. The next night for an hour Butchia smarted beneath the lashings of the silent five. "He pleaded for mercy, but the ominous command was only, 'cure our brother.'" On the fifth night the patient died.

The five brothers said nothing. They tied Butchia to the coffin which they brought with the money they had paid Butchia to keep their brother well and which they had now taken back.

Then they escorted the coffin off to the burial ground, dragging Butchia after them; and his lamentations provided a suitable mourning for the dead, except that it was himself he was mourning.

He suspected the worst for himself, and not without reason. The brothers had warned him with their black looks that he might die unless the sick one lived. But how fantastic their punishment seemed to him!

Silently they dug the grave, and there was none to disturb them. Then they lifted the coffin and dropped it into the pit; it dragged Butchia after it, because he was tied to the coffin the way a suicide ties himself to a rock and heaves it into deep water. It was no watery grave that Butchia was to perish in, however; it was a dry one, and his gasping lungs were to take in not water but dirt. First he was able to spit it out, yelling vociferously all the while; but more dirt followed it and he was overwhelmed. It filled his ears, his nose, his eyes were of sand and earth. At last he lay mercifully senseless as a mouse toppled down to lighten the boards between "doctor" and patient.

When the grave was covered over, the brothers went home. But it was known that Butchia had been giving the invalid treatments. Now this brother was gone and so was Butchia. The natives whispered of all this and at last it came to the attention of the government.

Where is Butchia? officials demanded of the brothers; and finally they confessed that he was ministering to their brother still. They said that they paid him to go along with their dead brother to treat him in the other world.

The court was not willing to believe the testimony in the face of the facts presented. What was particularly damning for the brothers was that, when the dead pair were exhumed, no money was found on Butchia. Everybody knew that Butchia would do nothing, much less die, without first having his palm crossed with a few rupees.

In punishment for the murder of the magician they were sentenced for life to a form of slavery as transport laborers.

Official List of Winners —IN— THE AMERICAN WEEKLY Reader Test Competition

Here's the Roster of the Fortunate Leaders in the Reader Test as Certified to The American Weekly by the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, the Independent Judges Designated by the Editor. Pictures and Full Information Regarding Each of the Principal Winners Will Be Found in the News Sections of the Newspaper Distributing This Issue of The American Weekly.

FIRST PRIZE— Annuity policy for year life, payable \$100 per month. Issued by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The Winner

MRS. J. H. EDGERTON, 3802 South View Road, San Gabriel, California.

SECOND PRIZE— Annuity policy for \$600 per year life, payable \$50 per month. Issued by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The Winner

MRS. EVE BEANE, 345 West 50th Street, New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE— \$3,000 in cash.

The Winner

MRS. MARY STONE, 2217 Rowley Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin.

FOURTH PRIZE— \$2,000 in cash.

The Winner

MISS LOUISE PORTER STEPHENSON, 5410 Howe Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIFTH PRIZE— \$1,000 in cash.

The Winner

MRS. M. A. CARNEVALE, 551 Gilbert Street, Columbus, Ohio.

OFFICIAL BOARD OF JUDGES TELLS HOW WINNERS WERE CHOSEN

Here is a letter to The American Weekly from the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation explaining the various operations of the judging that produced this list of winners which they certified to The American Weekly.

The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles—Nevada—Iowa. 505 East 43rd Street, New York.

March 30, 1935.

The American Weekly, 900 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Having completed the grading of the entries in your Reader Test Competition, it occurs to us that your readers might be interested in knowing how their contest entries were handled.

Most contestants want to know, "How is the great mass of entries reduced to a reasonable volume which the Senior Judges can consider?" and, "How do the final judges make their decisions?"

The primary segregation of contest entries according to merit is accomplished by having them pass through the hands of a series of Primary Judges.

These Primary Judges discard those entries which are obviously without merit. Such discards, however, are re-checked by Supervisors who are in charge of each group of Primary Judges.

The entries which survive the primary segregation are then analyzed by the intermediate Judges who check them against a Merit Rating Scale and give to each entry a valuation according to merit.

These entries then pass to the Senior Judges who review their ratings and give to each winning entry its final rating and its position in the prize list.

Most of the Primary Judges hold college degrees. Before being employed by us they are given preliminary tests to determine their aptitude for this work. They are then given intensive training in our contest judging methods and are then given further tests to prove their ability to analyze contest entries accurately under supervision. In addition to this general training, they receive special training on each individual contest as above mentioned.

The Senior Judges are executives of the organization and are all mature individuals with a broad background of advertising and contest experience. Obviously, this is a comparatively expensive process and we believe your contestants will appreciate the fact that you have spared no expense to give each one of them a square deal.

Yours very truly,
THE REUBEN H. DONNELLEY CORPORATION.
(Signed) H. F. Lewis,
Eastern Manager.

Winners of the Next 20 Prizes—\$50.00 Each

Miss Elvora Bass, 2116 W. Wash'n Bl., Los Angeles, Calif.
Miss Helen E. Bean, 660 W. 28th St., San Pedro, Calif.
Elizabeth Culbert, 2375 Ocean Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
May B. Edmonds, 1668 W. Beach, Bixby, Miss.
Miss Martha Green, 26 E. Glenwood St., Buffalo, N. Y.
H. W. Hixon, 7443 Barnwood Blvd., Houston, Texas.
Margi V. Holman, 509 Buchanan St., San Francisco, Calif.
W. F. G. Holstein, West St., Nellyville, Wis.
Edna R. Housh, 2306 Garfield Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
W. R. Hunt, Box 233, San Marcos, Texas.

Winners of the Next 40 Prizes—\$25.00 Each

Leland G. Barrington, 2767-A N. 40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Wallace E. Bean, 660 W. 28th St., San Pedro, Calif.
Mary R. Bischoff, 2510 Roberts St., Wichita Falls, Texas.
Marie Alamo Boder, Rt. 1, Box 385, Mountain View, Calif.
Mrs. Evelyn Bronsman, D. C. Line & Riggs Rd., Brightwood Post Office, D. C. Prince George, Md.
Miss Blanche A. Duncanson, Box 215, Duquesne, Pa.
Christie P. Campbell, 335 Chestnut Ave., Long Beach, Calif.
John T. Clifford, 27 Florida St., Dorchester, Mass.
H. F. Cochran, 29 South Court Ave., Bremerton, Wash.
John Davis, Teachers College, Ada, Okla.
William A. Del, 1565 G St., Napa, Calif.
John C. Donnal, 9 Columbia Ave., Natick, N. H.
Miss Blanche A. Duncanson, Box 215, Duquesne, Pa.
Geraldine Earlin, 55 W. Englewood Ave., W. Englewood, N. J.
Rev. Albert G. Fischer, 1114 4th Ave., Derry, Pa.
Miss M. Frank, P. O. Box 5, Washington, D. C.
A. B. Correll, 4151 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Mrs. E. W. Davies, 818 Harvard St., S. E., Minneapolis.
Robert E. May, 2230 Francisco St., San Francisco, Calif.
Gardner R. Farmer, Edinburg, Texas, Henderson, Texas.
Mrs. F. W. Fife, 1100 Jackson St., Apartment 3, San Francisco, Calif.
J. W. Fitzpatrick, 3705 Elm Ave., Baltimore, Md.
H. J. Fritze, 68 N. Jackson St., Bellevue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Frank R. Gallagher, 7803 Chapel Ave., Chicago, Ill.
James Henry Galpin, 401 Union Ave., Belleville, N. J.
George Daniel Goffert, Robinson St., Chinchilla, Pa.
Frank C. Gonderley, Box 4, Pasadena, Md.

Winners of the Next 35 Prizes—\$10.00 Each

Miss Margaret L. Adams, 915 Highland Ave., Salina, Kansas.
Lavender Anderson, 5 Carl Pl., Brockton, Mass.
Walter Christ, 511 Cherokee Ave., Lafayette, Ind.
Carl Christoferson, 3708 W. Berry Ave., Chicago, Ill.
A. B. Correll, 4151 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Mrs. E. W. Davies, 818 Harvard St., S. E., Minneapolis.
Robert E. May, 2230 Francisco St., San Francisco, Calif.
Gardner R. Farmer, Edinburg, Texas, Henderson, Texas.
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Frank C. Gonderley, Box 4, Pasadena, Md.

Mercy Murder Of His Sickly Son A Tragic Mistake

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has been accustomed to report "mercy murders" occurring in England, where bitter feelings were stirred by the ethics of thus easing helpless sufferers with the pain of death. The rising tide of opinion there, in spite of the law, has been to the effect that there are times when violation of the Biblical sixth commandment, "Thou shalt not commit murder," is permissible.

But now England finds itself shocked by an American case which appears to disprove all that the apologists have said for speeding the death of those who are doomed to a life of pain. As a result of this new "murder," the mercy deaths, the old controversy has flared up once more. The argument is that there is no reliable judgment about matters of life and death, especially when one is prejudiced by a blood relationship.

The case is that involving Dr. Guy S. Petrick, internationally famous physician who recently killed his invalid son and then himself in Seattle, Washington. The West Coast tragedy is a curious reversal of a situation made familiar in the famous book by an Englishman, Warwick Deeping, entitled "Sinner and Son." In that novel, a physician son kills his invalid father in a spirit of mercy. But in the present case, by an irony beyond any invented by fiction, the father physician killed his son "in mercy" just when the youth was getting well.

It appeared after the tragic double death, that Dr. Petrick had based his action on a mistaken diagnosis. The father, himself of Scottish descent, was proud and fond of his son, Siverus, who was regarded as a student at the University of Washington as a brilliant student.

Trouble came last year to tax that affection. The 22-year-old youth had gone to Europe and while there had a nervous collapse. His father brought Shearman home personally, going all the way to Paris to do so. Back home, Shearman was put under the care of Dr. D. A. Nicholson, a psychiatrist.

But instead of getting control of himself at this point, the father, who loved not wisely but too well, began to brood about his son that he talked of little else for days. Undoubtedly, the associate said, the tragic physician developed a warped viewpoint regarding the condition of his son.



Convinced That His Son Was Doomed to a Life of Misery, Dr. Petrick Suddenly Drew a Revolver and Shot the Young Man Through the Head, and Then Turned the Gun on Himself.

incurable disease—at this the very time that the son was rapidly recovering.

This fear in the mind of the father became a fixed thing. From a worry it grew until it took on the proportions of an obsession. In short, the 66-year-old doctor, fearing that the young man would be a burden to himself and to society, was almost at wit's end about what to do. Dr. A. Polisky, a friend who has consulting rooms in the same building as the doctor, said that Dr. Petrick had no so worried about his son that he talked of little else for days. Undoubtedly, the associate said, the tragic physician developed a warped viewpoint regarding the condition of his son.

At last, one day, Dr. Petrick called up his son and told him to come down to the consulting rooms. The young man did so gladly; he drove down by automobile with his mother and she waited in the parked car while he went up for an examination.

In the building, and on his way to his father's office, Shearman stopped to chat with other doctors in the building, and they were impressed by his improved condition. Finally he stepped into the examination room where his father awaited him.

The doctor made a careful examination of his son, but his judgment was blotted by an excess of affection. He was convinced that it was too late to save the young man from a life of misery. It was literally a case of "convicting the innocent and releasing the guilty." He had seen the son in the chair, it became for him a death-chair. Here he drew a revolver and shot him through the temple.

Then Dr. Petrick telephoned Dr. Polisky in the building, telling him what he had done. The now happy father said he was going to kill himself, also. Dr. Polisky tried to argue him out of it, but the crushing reply was the sound of a pistol shot coming over the telephone wires. Then Dr. Polisky and others rushed to the office where the fantastic examination had found its fatal conclusion. The room quickly became filled with expert doctors who had seen the shot, but none of them could do anything to help by that time. Despite the work of eight physicians, Dr. Petrick died two hours later without having regained consciousness. The son had died instantly.

On the day the revolver that Dr. Petrick had used to kill both himself and his son, and a note which read, "I have done what I think best for him." But others did not believe that the doctor had been able to think straight about one so near to him. "I believe that Dr. Petrick was overpowered by something that made him unable to see his boy's fine recovery," said a family friend. And Miss Betty Campbell, niece of Dr. Petrick, was quoted as saying that Shearman had been recovering so consistently that he planned to return to the University in the Fall.

Many believe that the tragedy is a dramatic proof of the fallacy of "euthanasia." They say it is a striking instance of under no circumstances may one man take the life of another even a blood relation. Still more ironic and cruel that the famed physician of the Pacific Coast who cured thousands in his remarkable career was unable to believe in the cure of his own flesh and blood.

Spotty the Terrier, Little Hilda and the Fox's Dungeon



Hilda's Sharp Ears Located Her Pup, but It Took His Ma, Tuffy, to Give the Last Clue After 12 Men Had Blasted 10 Days Through Solid Rock to Free Her Reckless Son



The First Rescue Squad at the Crevise Entrance to the Fox's Dungeon Where Spotty Disappeared.

"SPOTTY is still gone. You'll have to do something about it," Emmett Simon, tenant farmer, near Farley, Indiana, was on his way to do something about a lot of important chores. But after one look at the appealing, almost accusing face of his seven-year-old sister Hilda, he promised to find Spotty first.

Mr. Simon kept that promise but it took him and 11 neighbors 10 days and nights of ceaseless labor, drilling, blasting and picking frantically at the solid limestone of a quarry before they could rescue the little black and white fox terrier from his dungeon, 20 feet down, where a cunning fox is alleged to have trapped him.

The trouble began on a Friday afternoon late in February when Mr. Simon, seeing fox tracks near his hen-house, thought it would be a good idea to take his gun and his two dogs and follow them. If he could shoot the maker of the tracks the animal would not be collecting a tax on his chicken business this summer and Indiana Dubouque County pays a bounty for killing foxes.

The tracks were quickly lost to the eye, but the dogs followed the trail by scent or at least made a vociferous presence of doing it. Spotty is just a five-year-old of the fox terrier breed. His mother Tuffy, isn't in the dog's social register either, but carries herself with a certain dignity, partly due to a slight stiffness of the joints. Also she is a sophisticated, disillusioned old canine who knows better than to worry porcupines, skunks and even toads.

After the two dogs had given their master an hour and a half of vigorous exercise, without showing him hide or hair of a fox, he suspected that they were giving him "the runaround" and called to them to come home. Tuffy obeyed, but Spotty failed to join them, which worried neither mother nor master because it had happened a lot of times before.

No doubt he would come home in the morning, with sore front paws and a face full of dirt from trying all night to dig down to some hibernating woodchuck.

But in the morning Spotty was still missing and, it being Saturday, Hilda did not have to attend the little Parochial school. This left the small maiden free to worry about Spotty and, after a reasonable time, to worry her big brother about the matter. After all, the missing party had been last seen in Mr. Simon's company.

"Come on old girl, and show me where you left that fool son of yours," he said to Tuffy who seemed to understand and led Emmett and Hilda over to an old quarry, one of the places they had visited on the previous afternoon. After a while Tuffy was heard barking from a small gully in which water and mud were running hopelessly but found the dog standing on a



"Man's Inhumanity to Man Makes Countless Thousands Mourn," is an Old Observation, but He Shows His Humanity to Helpless Creatures. Only as With Hilda's Spotty, but Even Thawing Out Half-Frozen Sea-Gulls on Radiators, as in This Photograph of an S. P. C. A. Worker.

ledge of limestones, barking at a long crack in it.

"What do you want to bark at that for?" said the disgruntled farmer.

"Go find Spotty!" Tuffy's answer was to wag her tail vigorously, sniff and scratch at the crack.

"Maybe she means he is down there," suggested Hilda, but her brother pointed out that only a snake and a mighty thin one could get down that crack in the rock. Hilda pushed the dog aside, placed her ear on the crack and cried out:

"But he is down there, I hear him."

"Nonsense," answered her brother, but he too listened and gasped in dismay. Spotty had the typical fox-terrier bark, shrill, almost like a scream, one that could be heard for miles when he yapped at the moon. Now coming apparently up from the bowels of the earth it was hardly louder than a distant cricket.

"But how could he have gotten down there?" Mr. Simon wanted to know and finally had an answer from Tuffy who led them into a spot about a hundred yards distant where water had eaten away a passage in the stone large enough for a small animal to enter.

"She means he went in there," the farmer said, "and I suppose he got trapped, somewhere under that ledge." Mr. Simon brought a crowbar, a

Little Hilda Simon and Her Beloved Fox Terrier Pup, Spotty, Who Was Restored to Her Just Barely Alive by 10 Days' Work of Her Sympathetic Neighbors.



Little Hilda Simon and Her Beloved Fox Terrier Pup, Spotty, Who Was Restored to Her Just Barely Alive by 10 Days' Work of Her Sympathetic Neighbors.

pledge, pick and some wedges and fell to work hopefully. The stone was rotten, breaking easily and a few feet down he might find a large passage. However, the only change that appeared a foot down, was that the stone became hard almost like granite. He turned to ask Hilda to bring him a bucket of water but she had gone. A few minutes later the voice of his nearest neighbor hailed him:

"I hear you are sentenced to the rock pile for life."

He too, had brought tools and one by one ten more neighbors arrived. Hilda and some of her little school friends had sent out a call for volunteers. The clink of sledge on drill went on for some time and then to the delight of the assembled youngsters the first dynamite blast was fired.

The men divided into day and night shifts, they built bonfires against the cold, a shed against the rain and their wives brought food and hot coffee. After each shot some one listened, always hearing a burst of bark which, with each 24 hours sounded slightly, but not very encouragingly, nearer.

After a blast on the 20 foot level, there were no barks at all for nearly ten minutes and then only feeble ones. "Look here," said one of the workers who was a Canadian from Ontario, and called dynamite "doolin," "if the fumes of this doolin are getting to that dog, they may kill him. I think

And the same

Sympathy Manifested Himself Remarkably When William Polk, of the S. P. C. A., of San Francisco, Crawled 10 Blocks Through a Sewer Pipe to Rescue a Cat That Had Been There Almost Two Weeks and Then Pushed It Ahead of Him on a Little Scooter All the Way Back Again.

we'd better use black powder which isn't so strong but— isn't so poisonous either."

This was done and at the 25 foot level they reached the bottom of the crack but it ran horizontally in opposite directions and from both these directions barks seemed to come. They decided to drill toward the entrance which Tuffy had shown them. At noon of the tenth day, the barks, already barely audible, ceased entirely.

"The poor pup died," said Simon. "It's going to be tough telling Hilda. Well, thanks a lot boys."

"Oh we're not through," they told him. "We're going to find the body so she won't be imagining he is still at the other end."

But without the barks to guide them they might pass right by some crack which would lead them to the dog's tomb and some one had the inspiration to put the question up to Tuffy. As soon as the old dog was lowered to the bottom of the shaft, she ran sniffing along the drift until she came to a crack so insignificant that it had been passed unnoticed. Barking and scratching at the crack with her paws, she told them plainly enough that there was where they should excavate.

A few blows with the sledge opened the crack into a large crevice and there, within arms reach lay a little, shrunken body. But as the man's hand reached it, the small form moved, whimpering sound.

Spotty was still alive. A few breaths of fresh air at the top of the shaft

and he was able to sit up and take nourishment in the form of a cup of warm milk. He had a little energy to spare and used it by wagging his thanks at the other end.

By telegraph the news agencies filed the word that the four-footed hero had been rescued but the most important message was by telephone to the little schoolhouse. It arrived at 1:30 P. M. and realizing that the rest of the afternoon period would be a total loss anyhow, the teachers dismissed school.

All rushed for the Simon farm where they beheld a strange sight. Spotty had lost four of the original ten pounds of dog that had chased the fox into that rocky prison. From outside appearance the remaining six pounds consisted entirely of skeleton draped in a fur coat, that looked as if it had been borrowed from a bigger dog. The most famous dog of the hour was also the dirtiest and saw certain ominous preparations to correct that condition. But just as he was being lifted in the direction of the tub full of warm water, Hilda appeared and cried breathlessly:

"Have a heart! He's suffered enough. You know how he hates a bath."

Hilda's intercession won a reprieve so that her pet slept in peace and dirt that night but at sunrise he had to face a bathing squad.

Spotty can't explain and probably does not know just how he made the big mistake, way down in the limestone. Was it accident or a foul plot? As the rescue worked, there was much discussion as to whether a fox

could have deliberately lured the dog into a crevice, too narrow for turning around and then plugged the only exit with loose stones. Moving forward a dog is good at digging away obstructions with his front paws but, in reverse, his hind paws are useless for such a purpose.

Rescuing animals from dangerous predicaments excites almost as much interest and sympathy as saving shipwrecked humans. Mother robins seem to have no judgment at all about choosing a site for their home. It certainly was stupid of the one that built her nest on the floor of the Hiester Golf Club's long footbridge at Kansas City, Missouri. But she had laid four eggs in it

before the blunder was discovered and so the board of governors voted to make all the club's 400 members trudge through a steep gully, until the last fledgling was gone.

Another feathered nover is the sea-gull, which never seems to learn that it should not go to sleep on an ice cake during a freezing rain because it will wake up with its feet frozen so tight that it may not get away until the next thaw. Some freeze to death and others go through life with one leg, having left the other in the grip of the ice. Every winter human beings take considerable risks to save these "bird-boobs" free, take them out (as shown by one of the photographs on this page) and release them, hoping they have learned their lesson.

A cat will climb a pole, lose its paws and howl dimly for help, but when help arrives in the form of police or firemen, the cat's idea of cooperation is sometimes to try to scratch the rescuer's eye out. William Polk, S. P. C. A. operative of San Francisco had the job of crawling through ten blocks of pipe line to save a cat that had been yawning there for ten days. But kitty misunderstood and was ready to fight for what was left of her nine lives.

To a man lying on his stomach a rat is a dangerous adversary but a Polk had provided himself with gloves, adhesive tape and a small platform on wheels. After a snappy little battle he finally fastened the cat to the platform and was able to draw it behind him. He then used the adhesive tape blocks, there would not have been much left of the man.

A dog hotel in Washington, D. C., received an R. O. S. for a canine nurse for a litter of cocker spaniels belonging to Mrs. Harriet B. Owen of Sherborn, Mass. Yes, they had one and she was shipped by airplane in three hours and at a cost of \$175.

A court order commanded that "Symbol," a great Dane, must be deported from the State of New York for the reason that his ears had been clipped. Rather than part with her big pet Miss Eleanor Allinger gave up her job on the staff of the Sisters' Hospital at Kenmore, N. Y. and accompanied the dog into exile in Georgia.

It's a strange trait of human nature that people will take such pains to save animals and at the same time take quite as great pains to kill helpless children and women as well as each other in war.

America's Queerest Cradle

RICH in relics and traditions of the old West, the town of Tombstone, Arizona, possesses one curious souvenir of pioneer days which is duplicated only in a city more than 5,000 miles away—Mannheim, Germany. It is a 225-pound cradle made entirely of iron and equipped with four rockers.

The use to which this cumbersome device is put has intrigued many visitors who have aroused the townsfolk of Tombstone with their guesses. Some even have thought that the cradle is a sort of sand sled invented by a crack-brained genius to drive behind a horse over the desert wastes. There have been other guesses equally as fantastic. The contraption is really a practical one even if cumbersome, and its purpose is to soften tough slabs of beef.

Although the name of the inventor of the iron cradle has been lost to history, his handiwork still remains a testimony to his ingenuity and it sometimes is put to good use when an outdoor barbecue is held. The steaks which it works on may not rival those turned out by famous chefs, but the "cradling" helps a lot.

Old Tombstone residents recall that in the year 1883 a German immigrant arrived in their midst and announced his intention to build a restaurant. He promised the cowpunchers home-cooked steak and fixings the like of which they would travel many miles to get.

At the same time, the ranchers and cowhands were extremely skeptical. They knew their own cattle and the foreigner didn't. It was one thing to use pastured cattle for the bill-of-fare. But it was something quite different to use one of the long horns that ranged the unfenced ranges, lived on scanty forage and were so active that their bodies were muscular and stringy.

Nevertheless the stranger went ahead with great enthusiasm. Soon a real, one-story frame restaurant was erected on Main Street. Dishes and supplies began arriving from Chicago. Finally the stranger bought five head of cattle from a local ranch and put a crudely lettered sign in the clean new window. "Opening Tonight," it read.

When word got around Tombstone that the "foreigner" had bought local beef, inhabitants shook their heads. "There goes what might have been a good restaurant," they said sadly. "Instead it'll be tough steak, as usual, the same kind the Chinaman from Frisco used to serve."

But the restaurant didn't open that night. The stranger soon discovered just how tough Arizona steers were, whether dead or alive, for later that evening a hastily scrawled sign appeared in the window. It read: "Opening Postponed."

The next day the stranger disappeared. He was gone for nearly a week, but when he returned he announced



Tombstone, Arizona, Has Many Relics of the Old Days When the West Was the Stamping Ground of Prospectors and Pioneers, but It Is Froudest of This Ponderous Iron Cradle Which, Back in the Eighties, Was Used to Soften the Tough Meat the Hardy Settlers Served on Their Crude Wooden Tables. The Cradle Couldn't Make a Sirloin Out of a Rump Steak, but Its Metal Blades Had a Softening Effect.

to all that his restaurant would positively open that night and he would serve the tenderest steak west of Chicago. And it was all local beef.

where he did his butchering and showed them the curious cradle shown on this page.

"It is the very same like my father used to use when he was a butcher in Mannheim," he explained. "And it will make even elephant meat tender. I bought the iron in Albuquerque and had a blacksmith make it."

Castles in the Air That Never Were Built

NOT all of the many people who build imaginary castles in the air are content to let them remain simply day dreams. Sometimes their builders become convinced that they can convert the will-o'-the-wisps of their mind into reality, which they generally try to do with fantastic results. Two examples are pictured below.

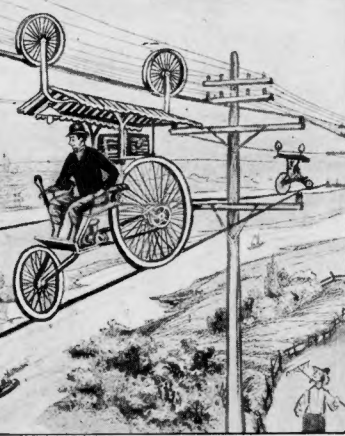
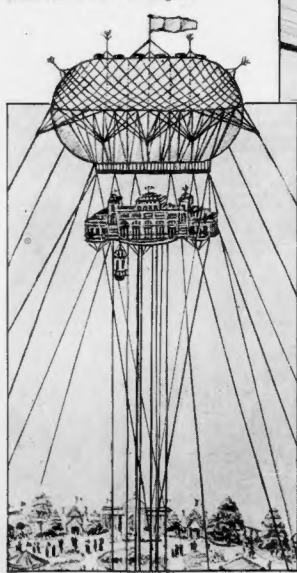
Tobiansky, a Belgian, dreamed a wonderful air castle for the Antwerp World's Fair. It was to be a huge res-

taurant and dance hall built of bamboo and aluminum, suspended over the fair grounds from a gigantic balloon. Patrons were to be taken aloft by elevator. In case of a storm, 16 motor driven windlasses were to bring the merry-makers to the ground in 20 minutes.

Another day dreamer, in the person of a Boston, Mass. professor thought

that the telegraph poles being erected in the year 1887 might also be used as part of a roadway for sky buggies. He evolved a strange mixture of a high-wheeled bicycle and an invalid's chair which was to be propelled by a motor connected to one of the wires.

Neither Tobiansky nor the professor got any further with their castles in the air than sketching them on paper.



A Boston Professor Concealed This Notion of Making the Most Use of Telegraph Poles Back in 1887, But No Manufacturer Recognized His Instructive Genius.

Another "Castle in the Air" That Never Materialized. A Belgian Went Into an Imaginative Buddle With Himself and Came Up With This Restaurant and Dance Hall, Intended to Be Suspended Several Hundred Feet in the Air From a Huge Balloon.

The Longest Sore Throat in England

LONDON.

OLD Sarus, the 37-year-old Asiatic white crane in the London Zoo, in his keeper's opinion, is one of the most obstinate, cantankerous birds in captivity. Besides that he is old enough to know better.

For 25 winters—ever since he came from his tropical home as a fledgling—he has poled his curious head out of doors in weather cold enough to keep less adventurous inmates in their snug quarters. The net result of all this has been many times 35 colds and the longest sore throat in England.

"Every year, during a cold snap, Old Sarus gets a cold which makes him miserable for weeks," said his keeper recently. "Then I've got to wind my own muffler around his neck and put an oil stove in his quarters to help him get over his chills."

"Many visitors who have seen him hugging the stove, the picture of dejection during one of his spells, have asked me why we don't keep him indoors during the cold weather. The answer is that Old Sarus has been accustomed to having the run of the bird enclosure for many years and when he is locked in his cage, his curiosity about what is going on outside is as great as that of a gossipy old maid."

"When he finds that he can't get out, he makes the entire bird house a bedlam for everybody."

One of the things visitors notice most, aside from his ludicrous getup during one of his colds, is his peculiar eyes. Zoo authorities say that because he may be best observed while mournfully hugging the stove, his nictitating, or third eyelid, attracts attention. It is this which gives the curious effect to his eye which may be noticed in the accompanying photograph. The nictitating is a "winking" membrane that may be drawn rapidly up over the eye at need, an additional eyelid which some types of birds have.



Every Time a Cold Spell Hits London, Old Sarus, the 37-Year-Old Asiatic White Crane at the London Zoo, Has to Be Looked After. His Keepers Wrap a Heavy Woolen Scarf Around His Neck and Warm His Quarters With a Portable Heater.

Best-Fed Fish Have the Worst Fry

AFTER an intensive seven-year study of herring in the North Sea a group of British scientists has discovered that it is the fish who has to forage far and wide for his food and not the plump, well-fed denizen of the deep who has the best offspring. Pointing out that by some curious law of compensation in nature, the best-fed herring has the worst fry, Mr. R. E. Savage, director of the expedition, recently made his report to the British Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

"In the North Sea the herrings live chiefly on myriads of tiny, shrimp-like creatures called copepods," he said. "The copepods eat the microscopic plants floating

near the surface of the water, like leaves in a sea pasture."

"The year 1931 in the North Sea was a good year for copepods. Perhaps the tiny sea plants were unusually plentiful or the copepod race was healthier. In any event the herring had plenty of food. One would expect that baby herring spawned that year to be both numerous and healthy. But they were not. Three years later, when these babies were grown up, they were below normal in quality and quantity."

"Contrasted with this, 1932 was a poor copepod year. Millions of herring starved. Yet the offspring of those that survived furnished one of the best crops on record."

How the Prophets May Actually Have Seen the Future

Time a Dimension Along Which You Can Look Now and Then, as You Do Into the Distance---All of Us Probably Do It

Occasionally,
Thus Also
Explaining
Presentiments
and Uncanny
but Useful
"Hunches"



Alfred Loewenstein, Famous Belgian Millionaire and Man of Mystery, Who Fell Out of His Airplane Over the English Channel and Who Just Before His Death Told an Intimate Friend of His Premeditation of Approaching Tragedy and His Belief That He Was Not Going to Live Much Longer and Who May Have "Looked Up the Stream of Time."

WHEN the Prophet Jeremiah predicted that the Babylonian captivity would end in 70 years—Jeremiah, Ch. XXIX, v. 10—it might have been because he had looked down time much as one looks down a long road, and actually had seen the Israelites returning to Jerusalem.

When Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream of the seven lean and seven fat cattle, it might have been that he had looked into coming time and recognized what Pharaoh himself had seen but garbled in his mind.

When a person has a premonition of someone's death and next day finds it is true—did the dying friend send a telepathic message? No, the dreamer saw him die.

When a person visits a place for the first time and has an overwhelming feeling that he has seen it before—is he right? Yes, yet he was never there, even in spirit.

Is it possible to have witnessed events that happened long before one was born? Yes, but this is no evidence of reincarnation.

Can a person see into the future and change what fate has in store for him? Yes, even that is possible.

These are the findings of J. M. Dunne, as set forth in his revised edition of "An Experiment With Time," first published by Macmillan, N. Y. It all depends on an understanding of time, something the man in the street and even the child supposed was quite simple until somebody brought up evidence that time acts like a "fourth dimension" though nobody can visualize more than three—length, breadth and height.

Then others further upset the scientific world by maintaining that time runs faster or slower at certain points and might even reverse itself and flow backward. To complete the headache, Prof. Einstein asserted that the mysterious thing is curved.

In order to make the idea as simple as possible, even though not precisely accurate, the suggestion is that time, being a flowing stream on a fourth or even fifth dimension, it is therefore possible to look upstream into the future, as well as downstream into the past although commonly the attention is focused on the present moment rippling past our feet.

Dr. Dunne's studies of dreams convince him that most everyone is constantly getting glimpses of the future and that he forgets most of them and misinterprets the others as dreams of the past. The writer was as drawn into his long series of experiments with time



The Prophet Jeremiah at the Fall of Jerusalem. From the Painting by the German Artist, Bendemann. Jeremiah Prophesied That the Jews Would Return to the Holy Land Within 70 Years and Rebuild the Temple, and They Did.



Jessie Millward, Well-known British Actress, Who Three Times Seemed to See Her Leading Man Dying a Violent Death—and After the Third Time She Rushed From Her Dressing Room and Hearing Cries Near the Stage Door Found the Actor Had Been Stabbed to Death by a Madman.

ent with no indication that he could dream of things to come. That was to make its debut in a typical nightmare.

One day, while fishing with his brother in a small stream, the author saw a horse on the other side acting strangely, finally leaping over a fence, dashing down to the water and swimming across right at them. The animal's actions were sufficiently wild and aggressive to make the two men get out of his way and pick up rocks to defend themselves with. But, on coming out of the water, the horse merely trotted off down the road.

Within twenty-four hours Dr. Dunne dreamed it in the form of a nightmare, with a high fence and a monster horse, right and left reversed, and the dreamer running for his life when the nightmare ended.

This would have been a typical, cockeyed twisting of the facts as usually happens in dreams, but for one startling feature—the nightmare happened the day before the real-life occurrence from which it was drawn.

Such things could be coincidences, if they did not happen too often. He took to writing down, each morning, his dream on awakening. A dream is a tale written in water—nothing is sooner forgotten.

One day Dunne was hunting, with the owner's permission, on a piece of rough land. All at once he became aware that he had strayed onto another property and just then he heard a dog barking and voices of two men shouting at him angrily. Evidently they thought him a poacher. By hurrying, he managed to get out onto a road before they came in sight. He had been through this very experience in a dream only a few nights before because of his notes read:

"Hunted by two men and a dog."

(Continued on Page 30)



VOLCANO DISASTER IN MARTINIQUE. Town Swept Away, in Avalanche of Flame—Probable Loss of Over 40,000 Lives.

The dream was too close to reality to be a coincidence. Yet his dreaming mental eye had not seen the actual destruction, merely the evidence that it was going to happen and he had the number of deaths wrong by one zero.

It seemed that the dreamer had gotten a whiff of the correspondents' messages or a peep at the papers themselves in transit. It suggested the garbled messages of telepathy.

The next dream, however, was a sort that left no doubt. The dreamer was right there in the thick of things. A weird and most important feature of the dream is the fact that the dreamer was watching a frightful tragedy, without understanding the meaning of the opening scene. It was almost like a person who pokes his head into a moving picture theatre in the middle of a picture and for a few moments is the only person who does not know what it is all about.

"I dreamed," he writes, "that I was standing on a footway of some sort, consisting of transverse planks, flanked on my left side by some sort of railing, beyond which was a deep gulf, filled with thick fog. Overhead I had the impression of an awning."

"Suddenly I noticed, projecting upwards from somewhere far in the gulf

below me, an immensely long, thin, shadowy thing like a gigantic lath. It reached above the plankway, and was slanted so that it would, had the upper end been visible in the fog, have impinged upon the awning. As I stared at it, it began to wave slowly up and down and I realized what the object was, the long water-jet from a fire engine hose, as seen through intervening smoke."

"Somewhere down in that gulf, there must be a fire engine, playing a stream of water on the smoke-hidden, railed structure where I stood. As I perceived this the dream became perfectly abominable. The wooden plankway became crowded with people, dimly visible through the smoke. They were dropping in heaps; and all the air was filled with horrible, choking, gasping ejaculations. Then the smoke, which had grown black and thick, rolled heavily over everything, hiding the entire scene. But a dreadful, suffocated moaning continued and I was entirely thankful when I awoke."

There was nothing in the morning papers, but confirmation came with the evening edition. He relates:

"There had been a big fire in a factory near Paris. A large number of girls had been cut off by the flames and made their way out on a balcony. There, for a moment, they had been comparatively safe, but the ladders available had been too short for rescue. While longer ones were being obtained, the fire engines had directed streams of water onto the balcony to keep that refuge from catching alight."

"And then happened a thing which, I imagine, must have been unique in the



Joseph Interpreting Pharaoh's Dream and the New Theory of Time Suggests That Both Looked Into Future Time, but That Joseph Interpreted More Clearly What He Had Seen.

history of fires. From the broken windows behind the balcony the smoke from burning rubber or other material, came rolling out in such dense volumes that, although the unfortunate girls were standing actually in the open air, every one of them was suffocated before the new ladders could arrive."

This was no telepathic message from a reporter's mind, nor a peak at a French newspaper. No reporter stood on that fatal balcony and news accounts begin with a brief statement of the disaster itself, never with a mysterious detail. None of the victims stood there idly wondering what that waving lath might be. All understood what was happening, all too well.

The dreamer was a foreign spectator, suddenly arrived without an inkling of what had gone before, and, neither breathing nor able to smell, he could not tell that the fog was smoke at first. Yet he heard as well as saw. Still, this was a miracle of the pres-

Odd Fantasies of Human Problems

How a Famous French Woman Artist Gets Mental Rest by Painting Her Ideas of Her Friends' Troubles



"The Problem of the Bridegroom"—Torn Between an Advantageous Marriage and Love of a Sweetheart, He Thinks of Himself As a Mechanical Man Trying to Solve One of the Oldest Human Puzzles. The Doves Courting the Goldfish Symbolize His Fear of an Unhappy Mating, and the Fading Castle Represents the Frustrated Desires of the True Lovers.



"The Problem of a Drug User"—Her Fantastic World Is Filled With Birds Who Seem to Bear Her Aloft Into Forgetfulness, but the Swan Carries a Broken Laurel, Symbol of Moral Defeat, and Has Overcome the Eagle, Which Represents Victory Over Self.

"I LIKE to paint what my mind fancies, waking or sleeping, without conscious direction," said Mme. Valentine Hugo, the famous French painter and engraver, when she opened an exhibition of her works in Paris the other day. "I never make preliminary designs of my pictures, but paint or engrave them with free action, which allows my imagination and subconsciousness to supply the patterns."

"Most of my pictures deal with problems which my mind reviews, awake or asleep, and which my subconsciousness seems to analyze and interpret in a medium of design."

"Often my friends tell me stories about their private lives, and sometimes I read stories in the papers about human problems and the paradoxes of life. When I retire at night, and before I fall into slumber and sometimes afterward, I see in fantasy those people moving about and attempting to find solutions for their troubles."

"Next day when I am at my drawing board these scenes come back to me and they begin to take form. My brush or pencil travels independently of my conscious mind and I never know what the picture is going to look like."

"This unusual method of painting human problems and the symbols of their social meanings gives a remarkable quality to Mme. Hugo's art. On this page five of her typical drawings show the most conflicting of human emotions."

"In 'The Problem of the Bridegroom,'" Mme. Hugo explains, "I have tried to show how a man may be torn between the woman he is going to marry and his old sweetheart. He is like a doll or a piece of automatic mechanism tossed as a plaything from one to the other. His future wife clings limply to him for support and he is moved by pity or shame, but the other woman has his memories and it is to her that he looks. The castle of his and his sweetheart's dreams fades. The meeting of the doves and goldfish in the background make plain how ill-matched he and his bride will be."

"Conflict is also pictured in 'The Problem of a Girl Who Erred.' The lemur clawing at her flesh represents the indiscreet emotions and desires that clawed at her soul, and remorse tearing at her as she sees her true self reflected in the mirror of the pool. She sees, too, the whirlpool and herself in it trying to cleanse her soul with the pure waters before she is swept away to destruction."

"In 'The Problem of a Drug User,' the eagle of victory over self is shown crushed in defeat in its combat with the swan, which represents the medium of drug by which she weakly allows herself to be carried up into the clouds of forgetfulness. In remorseful moments, she can see the eager vultures waiting until she has so undermined her health and body that soon she will be only a collection of bones to be picked."

The other two paintings are among the weirdest of Mme. Hugo's collection. That in the center at the bottom of the page pictures an abandoned wife wreaking vengeance upon the woman who has taken away her husband.



"The Problem of an Abandoned Wife"—In Fancy She Flies Into the Room of Her Rival and Imagines She Is Striking Her Dead With a Bolt of Lightning.



"The Problem of the Girl Who Erred"—Something That Is Explained in the Story.

She calls upon her imagination and asks Nature to help her punish her rival, and in her fancy Nature responds by placing at her command a thunderbolt. Suicide is one of the greatest human

problems. And in her fantastic portrayal of a prospective suicide, Mme. Hugo shows her peering from behind a veil of confused thoughts at a trackless forest through which her released soul may soon travel.



"The Problem of the Suicide"—Hamlet Said, "To Sleep Forchance to Dream—Ah, There's the Rub." And Here the One Who Contemplates Self Destruction Looks Into a Possible Dreadful Future.

"How to Hold a Husband"

It May Seem Strange for Mrs. Virginia Cogswell, Who Has Lost Nine of 'Em, to Pose As an Expert on Marital

Permanence, But After All, Practice Does Make Perfect—Maybe



Nine Times the Wedding Ring Has Encircled Virginia, Giving Her the Weighty Title of Mrs. Virginia Overshiner-Patterson-Stark-Blank-Seegar-Gilbert-Kahn-Cogswell-Raymond-Kaplan, But She Prefers to Use Only One Out of Her Riches.



Virginia and Her Last Husband, Mr. Kaplan, Who Discovers Her by Asking for Enough Money to Live a Life of Ease Immediately After the Ceremony and Turned Out to Have Another Wife.

From time to time public attention has been focused on Mrs. Virginia Cogswell, a former "Miss America," known also as "The Georgia Peach," and her growing series of marriages. She long ago passed Peggy Joyce and other possible rivals for the title of "Most often married and divorced woman in America." It might seem that on the basis of the record she is handsomely qualified to speak about marital permanence. But, far from sharing this view, Mrs. Cogswell considers herself an authority on the subject and here explains why.

By MRS. VIRGINIA COGSWELL.

My thirtieth birthday fell upon me unexpectedly a few days ago and I paused—in the midst of the turmoil of getting rid of my ninth husband—for some serious thought.

"Virginia," I said to myself, "whither, whither? In the past fourteen years you have had nine husbands and divorced eight of them. And, as if that weren't enough to last most people several lifetimes, you have also narrowly escaped becoming the wife of Fritz Kuhn, leader of the Nazi party in America, won several beauty prizes—including the title of 'Miss America,' and run a dress shop in Peoria, Illinois."

With that, I drifted off into a brown study which grew browner and browner, the more convinced I became that I couldn't keep on the way I'd been going. Then I decided to write this article on how to hold a husband because that was one of the things I had always wanted to do and never succeeded in doing. Besides, I thought it would be a good way of casting up my accounts and seeing just where I stood, that is, if I still stood.

"But," I can hear somebody say, "what right have you to start talking about how to hold a husband?" Well, personally, I consider myself an authority on the subject because, if I do "not know what to do to hold a husband, I at least know (and when I say 'know' I mean really—from experience) most of the things not to do. In fact, I know so much about that not to do that as far as I am concerned it amounts to knowing what to do. So, if you are still with me, I am going to try to run up a little of this melancholy experience, point by point and husband by husband.

I was born and raised in Atlanta, Georgia, and my first matrimonial venture was with Asa G. Patterson, a man I had known all my life. He was thirty-two and I was sixteen at the time of our marriage. My family did not like that very much but they gave their consent because of their high regard for Asa's family.

As the thing I wanted most was to be grown up and independent, my bridegroom's advanced age was an attraction for me—in fact, his chief attraction.

Well, we stayed married a year and I certainly got what I wanted. When I came out of that year I was grown

up all right. Thanks to Asa I did some of the fastest growing up a sixteen-year-old girl ever did. It became clear quickly enough why Asa had married me. Physical attraction covered the subject thoroughly.

I had just been chosen Miss Georgia in a local beauty contest and the chance to capture a prize like that had been too much for Asa. But Miss Georgia in a bathing suit, winning a prize, and Miss Georgia at the breakfast table morning after morning are two different things. My first husband soon found that out and relapsed into his old habits. I won't go into detail about what these habits were. Let it suffice that when I divorced him in 1925 the grounds were habitual intemperance.

So at seventeen, much to the embarrassment of my family, I found myself a divorcee. I took a trip North to forget Asa—and give Atlanta a chance to forget me—and there became still more conspicuous by winning the Atlantic City beauty prize. On the boat, going home, I met Ike Stark, a traveling salesman from Chicago. Listening to Ike's smooth tongue rattling off sweet nothings under a Southern moon, I reasoned this way: "Now that I am divorced and, on top of that, Miss America, my family of course thinks that I am a lost woman, earmarked for Satan. But, on the other hand, if I come home married won't that make everything respectable?"

It seemed a logical assumption so Ike and I got married.

There were a few differences between this second marriage and my first. For one thing, this one went to pieces in Chicago instead of Atlanta. However, go to pieces it did and in just about the same length of time. When Ike and I parted a year after our romantic, sea-going meeting I guess he had learned the same thing I had: Miss America that Asa had about Miss Georgia, while I had certainly learned that a desire for respectability is no better reason for marriage than a desire to be grown up.

Two months later I took a third husband, kept him for a day, and promptly got a divorce. I don't want to remember anything about that experience. I don't even want to think of his name. It taught me something, I guess, but I would rather have read about it in a book.

At any rate, I came home after this

heart of New York City than in the middle of a desert and I am prepared to endorse that statement right down to the ground. I was so lonely that when I finally met a man who seemed friendly I practically threw myself into his arms. I didn't want Albert Gilbert as a husband, really, but when he made that one of the conditions of our companionship I didn't have courage enough to refuse. I couldn't face loneliness again.

But a week after our marriage I had to face it whether I wanted to or not because Albert, about whom I really knew nothing except that he was friendly, walked out of our hotel room, leaving me to pay the bill, and never came back. It had been an interesting little adventure for him; it just about sank me for good. As a matter of fact, I think it probably would have sunk me if it hadn't been for Robert Kahn. Robert arrived in the guise of the good Samaritan. I had met him casually while going around with Albert; he was an older man and now devoted himself to being kind to me. When I had to go to the hospital he called every day and kept my room banked with flowers. Being with him for an hour was like sitting in front of a fire on a cold day in an overstuffed chair.

That sort of thing gets you after a while, especially if you happen to be in as run-down a condition as I was. First you like it, then you depend on it, and finally you can't do without it. In 1932 I let him persuade me to get a Mexican divorce from Albert and in 1933 we were married in Chicago.

The next year was heavenly. For the first time in my life I was in love. We travelled continuously to Alaska, California, Mexico, Florida, Cuba, Nassau, then back to Florida. Sometimes I would say, "Darling, don't you think it's time to settle down somewhere?" But he would reply: "We've got the

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Virginia, When She Was the "Georgia Peach" and Happy—For a Time—With Mr. Patterson, Husband No. 1.



Mr. Cogswell, Who Was Husband No. 7, and Whose Name Virginia Uses Because She Likes It Best of All.

rest of our lives to do that. Aren't you having a good time?" Then I would ask: "What about your business?" and he would tell me not to worry about it.

Then it happened. I knew it was too good to last. It happened just that, without any warning at all, like a bolt from the blue, from that clear blue Miami sky. We were sitting on the beach and he turned to me and said: "Virginia, I think I'd better tell you something. There's a woman in New York I want to marry."

No preparation, no leading up to it, nothing. I didn't say a word. I got up, went into the hotel, packed my bags and caught the next train to New York. I checked into a New York hotel and fifteen minutes later was served with a summons in a suit for alienation of affections. It seemed that Robert had a wife living in New York from whom he had got some kind of divorce which she didn't recognize. So she had decided to sue me for \$100,000 and also restrain me from calling myself Mrs. Kahn. As it turned out, there was no fight; her suit was dismissed. However, by that time I was no longer interested in being called Mrs. Kahn.

Since then, I have had three more husbands. Arthur Cogswell, an artist, was the first of these latter-day, or post-Kahn husbands. I date them this way because after divorcing Robert my attitude toward marriage and also toward life in general underwent a change. For some strange reason the whole husband and married Dick Raymond, a radio announcer. When I divorced him five days later I had simply convinced myself all over again of the very thing I thought I had learned from most of my other husbands, namely, that marriage may look like a good refuge in time of trouble, but don't believe it. When you find yourself in the frying pan, marriage is always the fire.

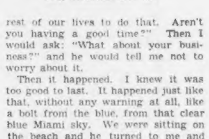
My ninth and last wedding took place a few weeks ago to a man who turned out to have a perfectly good and legal wife, as well as three children. He is, at the moment of this writing, in Bellevue Hospital, under observation. If and when he gets out I suppose he, his wife, and I will all begin suing each other.

I'm not absolutely sure why I married him but I am inclined to think that it was because I had a new theory about marriage which I wanted to work on somebody and he was the first person who happened to ask me to be his wife. That theory was the best way to hold a husband is to keep him perpetually surprised. After the surprise Charles Bromley or Kaplan or whatever his name is, handed me I have decided that it is not such a good theory and from now on want it officially known that I am never going to try to surprise anybody.

So that's the story. All that remains is to tack on the moral. I do so with pleasure. The best way to hold a husband is either (1) not at all, or (2) have him married to somebody else, or (3) fasten him to a large piece of flypaper and hang him up over the mantle.

Take your pick.

Mrs. Virginia Cogswell, as She Is Today After Her Nine Experiments in Marriage—Which Have Made Her a Sadder But Also, She Believes, a Wiser Woman.



is not a wife but a bodyguard" and walked out for good, leaving the field to the ex-wives.

I'm not going to say much about Fritz Kuhn, the American Fuehrer, because he wasn't my husband—although he asked me to marry him several hundred times—and because I've written a whole book about him which hasn't been published yet. Fritz is supposed to have fled the country because of the things I've said about him in this book. I don't know whether that's true or not because it's been months since I've seen him. But if it is, he's certainly become a lot more timid lately than he ever was with me.

I fell in love with Fritz before I knew who or what he was and probably would have married him if he hadn't been so fanatical. As it was, however, half the time I spent with him was torture—the other half, rapture. We would start out lovingly drinking champagne in a New York hotel and end up seven or eight hours later in some night club arguing ourselves blue in the face. Nothing was right to Fritz, except Hitler. He wanted to change the government, my friends, my habits, and me. After about six months of this I had lost fifteen pounds and actually had to run away to preserve myself.

Unfortunately, I ran to Peoria, opened a dress shop and married Dick Raymond, a radio announcer. When I divorced him five days later I had simply convinced myself all over again of the very thing I thought I had learned from most of my other husbands, namely, that marriage may look like a good refuge in time of trouble, but don't believe it. When you find yourself in the frying pan, marriage is always the fire.

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Take your pick.

GROWING!



AND HERE, MOTHER, IS A FOOD STORY YOU NEED FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY...

How Shredded Wheat Helps Build Young Bodies

We can say with honest conviction—backed up by science—that Shredded Wheat and milk can help make a real contribution to the growth years. For here is a naturally perfected balance of minerals, salts, vitamins, proteins and carbohydrates. These are the elements that help build full-sized, well-formed bodies—strong, firm bones and teeth—alertness in school. There's energy here too for active play.

How Shredded Wheat Helps Keep Adult Bodies Young!

Adults can't afford to depend entirely on fresh air, exercise and a good night's sleep. Your body needs the vital food elements found so generously in Shredded Wheat and milk. This unusual food combination has the power to help offset the wear and tear of daily routine. It helps replace burned-up body tissues. It acts as a constantly fresh source of energy to keep you active and alert.

Now, mother, look at that panel at the right. There we give you the scientific analysis of Shredded Wheat and milk. Read it. Then decide to try crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat for ten days. Serve it for breakfast, for lunch, for any meal. We're sure you'll agree this is the perfect food for the growth years and work years. Shredded Wheat is a product of National Biscuit Company.

SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF 3 SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUITS AND 1 CUP OF MILK

MINERAL SALTS—1266 grams—develop bones and teeth, tone blood, repair tissues, build disease resistance, improve complexion.
CALORIES—369—supply body heat and energy.
CARBOHYDRATES—54.82 grams—supply energy.
PROTEINS—14.36 grams—build tissues.
VITAMIN A—promotes growth, protects against respiratory infection.
VITAMIN B—promotes appetite, healthy nerves, aids digestion.
VITAMIN C—for general health.
Fat—19.76 grams Fiber—97 grams Water—236.6 grams

The ENERGY Breakfast



Look for this package at your food store

We all need **SHREDDED WHEAT**
for GROWTH years—and WORK years

THE SEAL OF
PERFECT BAKING



Poor Old "Goody" Cole Cleansed of Witchcraft After 300 Years

Convicted of "Familyartry With the Deuill"
in 1656 and Later Buried With a Stake
Through Her Heart and a Horseshoe
on Its End, She Is Now
Officially Declared Guiltless and Restored
to the Voters' Rolls by the Town of
Hampton, New Hampshire



Tituba, Servant of the Rev. Samuel Parris, Teaching the Children the Elements of Witchcraft—One of the Incidents Which Began the Salem Witchcraft Persecutions.

A BAND of frightened but determined men dropped the body of a frail, old woman into a shallow grave beside a lonely road, drove a stake through its heart and hung a horseshoe on the upper end of the stake. This was done by citizens of Hampton, New Hampshire, about the year 1680, because Eunice Cole had been convicted of witchcraft in 1656, and these precautions were to prevent the Devil from releasing her spirit to bewitch the community.

Now, in the spring of 1938, comes the sequel. After thinking it over for some thirteen generations, the present people of Hampton decided that a mistake had been made. By unanimous vote of a mass meeting, they reversed the witchcraft decision, making old Goody Cole an honest woman again and restoring her to the voters' rolls.

Looking down from heaven, the spirit of the vindicated "witch" should be gratified to see smoke arising from the public burning of a pile of papers. These are certified copies of the documents in her ancient trial now declared erroneous.

It was a bit late perhaps, but, after all, it was the best they could do for the memory of "Goodwife" Cole, whose husband swore that she was a good wife, as good as a man ever had.

Salmon, too, had put in many a good word for the woman, but that was when she was young and pretty, with an eye so bright that it shone like one of the King's newly-minted shillings. The sailors all said that when they filled any of the ship's water butts from the well and she blessed it, the water would never turn foul.

But they said her magic was later used to send good ships to the bottom.

In righting the wrong to the memory of old Eunice and to many a person who traces his blood back to her family, the modern reviewers of the case were careful not to "slop over" and do injustice to the memories of the stalwart old Colonists who had erred only in accepting a mass decision of their times. At the meeting, Judge John W. Perkins read this letter from a thirteenth-generation, direct descendant of Thomas Phibbrick, one of the most prominent witnesses whose testimony convicted Goody Cole:

"To this vindication I fully subscribe, but I hope that in carrying out this idea meticulous care will be taken that no reflection, however slight, in cast either directly or by inference upon the character of those sturdy men and women who, carried away by a world-wide mania, brought the charges of witchcraft."

Judge Perkins pointed out a legal difficulty. At the time of Eunice's conviction, Hampton was a part of the Massachusetts Bay Colony of England. As an American Court of Review their jurisdiction certainly could not go back beyond the Revolution and he doubted if they could do much more than to restore her good name.

It should be remembered that in 1656 the colonies were hardly more than a ribbon of coast, rather sparsely inhabited by transplanted Europeans, with a howling wilderness behind them.

At that time every ship from England brought news of an epidemic of witchcraft. Hopkins, the famous "witch sneller" was rounding up witches everywhere, getting confessions (by torture) on which many were hanged. There was no more reason for the Colonists to ridicule this epidemic in the mother country than a visitation of the black plague.

The first symptoms of the infection in the Colonies seems to have been the behavior of children in church. Considering that small boys and girls were forced to sit in uncomfortable pews through a three-hour morning service their actions were not so strange.

One or two finally started it by breaking out with calls and irreverent remarks. It was merely hysteria, but such startling behavior seemed to those devout Puritans the work of the Devil and at once they wondered if he was doing it through those witches they had heard about. They questioned the children, who, finding themselves important personages, played up to the role and obligingly pointed out the old woman who had bewitched them, and other youngsters were quick to follow their example.



The Rock in the Foreground Marks the Spot Where Poor Old "Goody" Was Reported to Be Buried, Impaled With a Stake. The Shack She Lived and Died in Stood About Where the Log Cabin Is. The Historic Town Hall Is Shown in Center Background.



Print From Ripley's "Cyclopedia of Universal History," Showing a "Bewitched" Child, While the Woman She Accuses Stands Before the Judges.

curled a minister and Harvard graduate, the Reverend George Burroughs. Eunice Cole was no longer young, had a sharp tongue for which she might well have deserved the ducking stool, and in her clashes with men, women and teasing children, often took advantage of their superstitions and credulity by making terrifying prophecies.

Unfortunately she seems to have been such a good prophet of evil as to be accounted for only on the theory of diabolic assistance, so she was

brought to trial as "a witch and familiar of the Deuill" before the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Norfolk County. Thomas Phibbrick, whose present-day descendant didn't want his sturdy ancestor criticized, testified that Goody Cole had warned him that if his calves should eat any more of her grass, "she wished it might peyson them or choke them." After this unkind wish, he never saw one of his calves again.

Abraham Drake deposed that "about this time twelvemonth, my neighbor Giles lost a cow and we had found it. I and others brought the cow to his house and she desired me to feed this cow and presently she charged me with killing her cow, and said they should know that hee [Drake] had killed her cow and forthwith I lost two cattell and the latter end of the summer I lost one cowe."

In the face of this and similar testimony from other respected citizens it

Old Drawing of the Death of Giles Corey by Being Pressed With Heavy Stones After Conviction as a Witch During the Salem Witchcraft Delusion.

was useless for poor Goody Cole to deny even a speaking acquaintance with Beelzebub and if more tolerant persons expressed doubts, they were at once looked upon with suspicion. The mass of the people were certain that she was a witch and clamored for protection. A jury found her guilty and the judge sentenced her to a flogging and life imprisonment.

The flogging on her bare back was administered forthwith but the life imprisonment was a more complicated matter. There being no accommodations in Hampton for imprisoning anyone for life, Eunice was sent to Boston.

But even this important community was not rolling in wealth and could not afford to feed and lodge convicts for the rest of the Colony free. Therefore it was understood that Hampton was to pay Boston the sum of eight pounds a year (\$40) for her board.

Hampton, all except Eunice's aged husband, who vainly begged to have him released so she could take care of him, seems to have forgotten about her. Also, the town also forgot to pay anything on that jail board bill until, after half a century, the arrears had amounted to the staggering sum of \$320. In the good old days public officials could be imprisoned for non-payment of a civic debt.

Therefore William Salter, Keeper of the Prison at Boston, wishing to balance his budget for the fiscal year of 1664, arrested Thomas Marston, one of the selectmen of Hampton and threatened to board him under the same roof as Goody Cole. This brought results, his brother officials promptly voted to pay.

In 1671 Hampton wearied of that annual \$40 overhead and Goody was released, after nearly 15 years behind the bars. She was assigned to a little shack and placed on the relief, but not out of the public treasury. Instead, 32 families were appointed to supply her needs, one week at a time.



The Urn in Which Soil From "Goody's" Crossroad Grave Was Placed and Which Will Occupy a Place of Honor in Hampton.

But in 1672 she was again charged with witchcraft, appearing to little Ann Smith as an eagle, a dog and a cat. She was tried and barely escaped with the following verdict:

"In ye case of Unis Cole now prisoner at ye Bar not guilty according to indictment built just ground for vehement suspicion of her having had familiarity with the deuill.

(Signed) Jonas Clarke in the name of the rest."

In 1680 there was another witch-draw in Hampton and Goody Cole, though too feeble to leave her bed, was indicted with several other "Goodies" but all were discharged the following year. People in those days must have had characters and constitutions of iron, because this hated, tormented, friendless old pariah managed to hold body and soul together until well into her eighties and then die peacefully.

When word spread through the town that "the Deuill had taken Goody Cole at last," a "welfare committee," trembling for fear of what Satan might do to them, gave the aged body a witch's burial.

The Salem witch trials went so far that they broke the spell, making people realize that children and other irresponsible persons could cause anyone to be hanged.

A notable case was that of Tituba, a slave woman, and self-confessed witch. Tituba was a servant in the home of Rev. Samuel Parris, in Salem Village. She was accused of teaching children witchcraft and also of bewitching others.

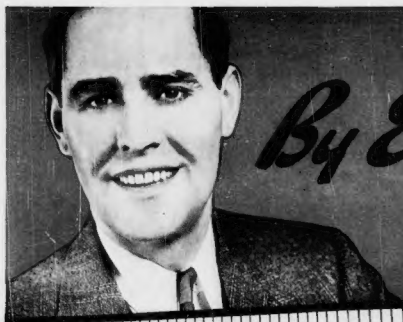
She testified at her trial that she had been forced by the Devil who appeared to her in various forms, to pinch the children and thereby cause them to become afflicted.

She was thrown into jail, where she languished for thirteen months, finally sold to pay her prison charges. Two other women, whom she had accused of acting with her, did not escape so easily. One, Sarah Good, was hanged, and the other, Sarah Ostrum, died in jail the day before her trial.

The last straw was the death of Giles Corey, over 80 years old and somewhat in his dotage. Under the spell of the general delusion, his testimony had been used to convict his wife but suddenly awakening to the wickedness of the whole thing he recanted.

This brought down upon him the fury of Rev. Samuel Parris and other leaders of the witch persecution. He was charged with deliberately refusing to plead either guilty or not guilty. A person who refused to plead could not be tried but, under the old English law, such a person was to be crushed to death.

Accordingly they stripped the old man, laid him in the public street and piled rocks on him until the life was crushed out of him. But with him died the entire delusion. Parris was forced out of his church to the penniless and despised as was poor old Goody Cole. No community is thinking of vindicating his memory.



By Every Yardstick-YOUR BEST REFRIGERATOR BUY!



When You Buy Your Next Refrigerator Be Sure It Measures Up with These Important Features

- 1 **20% FASTER FREEZING!**—Hotpoint's famous Speed Freeze makes ice cubes and frozen desserts 20% faster than ever. You can now freeze a complete supply of cubes in less than an hour. Even on blistering summer days Hotpoint makes ice abundantly and quickly.
- 2 **MAKES ICE CHEAPER THAN YOU CAN BUY IT!**—Hotpoint's 1928 Refrigerator gives a vital new meaning to the word "thrifty." It saves you money on power bills by cutting operating costs to rock-bottom. It saves on food bills by eliminating spoilage. And Hotpoint saves on ice bills by making ice cheaper than you can buy it!
- 3 **PLENTY OF HANDY STORAGE SPACE!**—The Big New Hotpoint models, with plenty of room for storing week-end special food bargains, can be operated cheaper than the small size old-style refrigerators. Other features are: All steel cabinets; 3 zones of cold; shelves that glide in and out can also be adjusted for height.
- 4 **QUIET—VACUUM SEALED MECHANISM!**—The quiet, sturdy operating mechanism of the Hotpoint Thriftmaster is vacuum-sealed within a heavy steel casing. Trouble is sealed out permanently. Six quarts of oil per minute are pressure-forced to all bearing surfaces. Long life and quiet dependability are assured.

Hotpoint Circulaire Cooling Sets New Standards of Refrigerator Performance

POSITIVE Circulaire Cooling, the year's greatest advance in refrigeration, forces live air over and around the Hotpoint Thriftmaster, increases freezing speed 20% and sets a new record for economical operation. You make ice cubes and frozen desserts faster than ever at still lower cost. Now a mere trickle of electricity is transformed into an avalanche of cold! Hotpoint makes 50 lbs. of ice for 12½¢.

"Customized" Cold Storage

Five distinct zones of cold provide complete refrigeration service. Meats, fish, dairy products, fruits and vegetables are protected in "customized" blankets of cold—stay fresh and safe longer. When you plan to buy a new refrigerator you can't afford not to look at Hotpoint. You'll find it your best buy, by every yardstick—economy, dependability, convenience and performance.

Buy your Hotpoint Refrigerator on easy payments. 15 models are available. See them at your dealer's store. Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc., 5820 W. Taylor St., Chicago.

*Based on national average electric rates at average room temperature.

PRACTICAL HOTPOINT FEATURES!



SENSATIONAL NEW POP-ICE TRAY
Down goes the lever and out pop the cubes—two or four a trayful. There is no waste or bother. Freeze your fruit juices, tea or coffee into cubes. Freeze your fruit juices, tea or coffee into cubes. Freeze your fruit juices, tea or coffee into cubes.



ADAPTABLE INTERIOR
Big or turkey, watermelon, tall bottles can fit. It's turkey, watermelon, tall bottles can fit. It's turkey, watermelon, tall bottles can fit.



STAINLESS SPEED FREEZER
Can't chop or turnish. Scales temperature adjustments at your finger tips. Freezes ice and deserts faster than ever.



CIRCULAIRE COOLING
Live air is forced over and around Hotpoint's sealed mechanism, reducing operating temperatures, increasing efficiency better than 20%. This important Hotpoint advancement saves you money on power bills, ice bills and food bills—year in and year out.



"THE MARK OF A DEPENDABLE DEALER"

Hotpoint

ELECTRIC KITCHEN APPLIANCES

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Hotpoint Electric Kitchen Servants Pay Their Own Way!



HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGES—Hotpoint Ranges, equipped with revolutionary new Select-A-Speed Calrod cooking units, cut operating costs so low that everyone can now afford the matchless advantages of electric cookery. There's a model to fit your needs. Buy on easy terms.



THE HOTPOINT DISHWASHER
Now electricity handles the most disagreeable chore in the kitchen—hand dishwashing. The convenient front-opening Hotpoint Dishwasher cleans all dishes, pots, pans and tableware in minutes. Costs little to operate. Sold on easy terms.



HOTPOINT ELECTRIC WATER HEATER
Provides instant 24 hour hot water service silently, economically without flame or odor. Fully automatic. May be installed in kitchen or basement. Low operating cost. Easy terms.



HOTPOINT WASHERS AND IRONERS
Beautifully styled. Priced to fit your budget. Washers have famous Thriftmaster triple-washing action, oversize tubs, auto-duty wringers.

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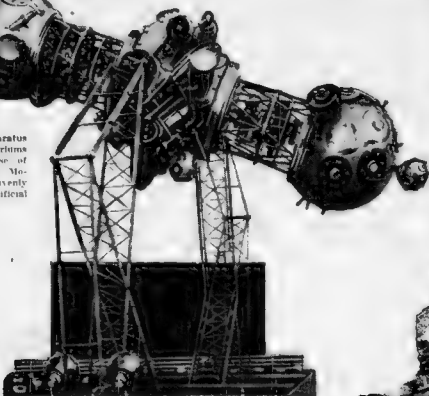
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Ark of Fire

by John Hawkins

A Story of the Year 1980---And the Warped Genius Who Decided to Wipe Out War, Crime and Disease by a Flood of Solar Flame

Projection Apparatus Used in Planetariums for the Purpose of Illustrating the Notions of the Heavenly Bodies in an Artificial Sky.



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY continues this week the most extraordinary novel of scientific fiction since H. G. Wells' famous "War of the Worlds." According to the Bible, Jehovah once washed the world free of war and wickedness by a deluge of water that covered the world and destroyed all except Noah and the others on the Ark.

CHAPTER V.

Theta De Spain.

THE END of the human race? Cold sweat started on Steven Hill's back at the thought. This was the reason Terry had been killed, the reason the Cabinet officers had committed suicide. Hill's stomach knotted. God! All life except in this small place, gone like a muffed-out candle flame. His eyes sought De Spain's face. "But," his voice was a bare whisper, "what can be done? Surely there is something..."

De Spain shook his head. "No, there isn't time. Two months will bring the heat to its maximum. Two hundred years would not be long enough to prepare underground quarters for the population of the United States alone."

He broke off then, and turned to a low microphone beside his chair. "Theta, will you come to my quarters at once, please?"

The shock had numbed Hill's brain. Four thousand left, out of all the tens of millions. Genius and idiot, prince and commoner, white man and black—all of them gone! Back to the dust from which they sprang...

Hill's hands were clenched, his eyes fixed blankly on the floor. He hardly heard the light voice say:

"You wanted me, father?"

"Yes, Theta. This is Steven Hill. You are to show him the Ark."

Steven Hill's eyes jerked up. A woman stood in the doorway—a slender woman, whose face he had glimpsed at times in the old days...

Theta De Spain. The woman whose face he had glimpsed at times in the old days...

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He stepped back. "I'll go back to the elevator."

The bullet-like descent of the small elevator lasted for what seemed an hour. The low-pitched hum reached Hill's ears, even before the doors snapped back, and then swelled to a dull roar.

Theta De Spain said "This way." They stepped out upon a balcony, which was really only a narrow cat-walk suspended from the high ceiling of a huge room.

Hill stared. Row upon row of dynamos filled the floor below them. Giant dynamos—a hundred feet in diameter. They were in rows, twelve abreast, and the rows stretched far into the distance.

The noise made speech impossible. Men moved, here and there, on the floor. One of them looked up at the cat-walk, and raised a gray hand in a half salute. The girl touched Hill's arm, stepped back into the elevator.

A three-second ride, up. Then along a corridor, and into a dark-walled circular room. "Our Planetarium," Theta De Spain said. "This will give you a better idea of what's to happen." She stooped over a control board, touched a switch. Two globes, halfway between the ceiling and floor, glowed with a

red light. One was six inches in diameter, the other much smaller.

"The big one is, of course, the sun. The other is the earth. This scale is distorted, for if it wasn't we'd have to use a microscope to see the earth. Watch."

She touched another switch, and the small globe described a circle around the large one. "The old orbit," she said in a swift, low voice. "With the sun almost the exact center. That kept the temperature nearly constant. Now watch."

Steven Hill did watch, while his throat constricted and cold sweat stood on his forehead. This second orbit was a circle, too—but the sun was no longer at its center. Instead, the small globe swung close, and then passed away from the large one.

"That's crude, but it's the principle of the orbit distortion," Theta De Spain's head was tipped back. "The actual orbit is not a true circle, but slightly elliptical. The distortion here, however, is with exactly the same method as that used on the earth itself."

"Right." The single word came out at the

end of his breath. An icy hand seemed to be squeezing his stomach.

"Look closely at the small globe. You can see a red mark on it which represents the location of the Ark upon the earth. The electrical control is there, and, through that, the earth is swung closer to the sun. That's only a surface explanation, but my father could spend a week giving you the details of the process. He says there are only three men besides himself, who could understand it."

Hill swayed there, while the blood pounded in his temples. Shots of red fire seemed to burst in his brain, to dance before his eyes. It! Unbelievable, mad, but it fit!

An electrical control pulled the earth off of its orbit! The red mark represented the Ark! Extra! control! He was remembering row upon row of snarling dynamos, hearing again the girl's voice: "...my father could spend a week explaining the actual process..."

The sure knowledge that Steven Hill at last like the weight of a giant hand. It was Alpha De Spain who was destroying the human race! The man the world knew as the Great Human-

thought ticked through his head. Hill knew that it wasn't a joke. No, it checked too perfectly. The heat wave, Terry's death, the suicides, the collapse of Florida, at Alpha De Spain's demonstration.

Steven Hill fought to keep his eyes open. He kept the binding hatred he felt out of the words. "I have a better picture of the whole thing now," he said.

"We'll go up to the next level, then. There is a lot you haven't seen yet."

Hill forced a smile on his lips. He meant to plan. In a single heart-beat of time he had complete knowledge had faded in his mind. He, Steven Hill, had killed Alpha De Spain! There was no doubt, could be no doubt. De Spain had to die! Hill knew that he would have to penetrate a web of protective devices to reach De Spain. That he would have to get a gun. That...

There were a thousand details that had to be worked out. They would be! And in the meantime, he had to be sure, very nice, to Theta De Spain. She knew the way through her father's quarters, and past the detection eyes.

She would be her father's passport to life!

Steven Hill followed the girl back to the elevator. Nice, he had to be nice. He said, "I believe now that your father is the greatest scientist of our time."

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Scenes such as this would be frequent spectacles if a Warped, Malevolent Intelligence like De Spain's should succeed in changing the Earth's Orbit. Earth Rhythms Millions of Years Old Would Be Broken, With Resultant Increasing Disaster.

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(Continued on Page 22)

Armour's Meal of the Month

NOW SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS INVITE YOU TO THEIR EASTER FEAST



A happy story to tell the children; they all love Snow White. And everyone, young and old, will revel at this repast—Armour's Star Ham served a special way.

HERE it is; Armour's Meal of the Month in holiday dress. A feast so good that it inspired this fairy setting. But there's no make-believe in calling it a feast. Armour's Star Ham, painstakingly cured and slowly smoked to tender goodness, is a feast in any language.

Prepared this special way, this savory ham will have special appeal. So, do try it. There is nothing difficult about serving your hams this way, and nothing expensive about it. Follow the recipe under the picture.

For the rest of this glorious meal, Armour's test-kitchen experts recommend the following carefully balanced menu: Cream of mushroom soup; celery. Spinach with crisp croutons; parsley buttered potatoes. A pear salad in gelatin, with mayonnaise. Coffee, dessert.

How long has it been since the family sat down to a luscious, whole ham? There's something festive about a big, beautiful whole ham—to say nothing of the satisfying goodness of flavor the whole hama brings to your table! It's economical, too; ham of the finest grade provides as much good, solid nourishment as anything you could buy. Any Armour's Star Ham is good tight down to the last morsel. What's left is not wasted!

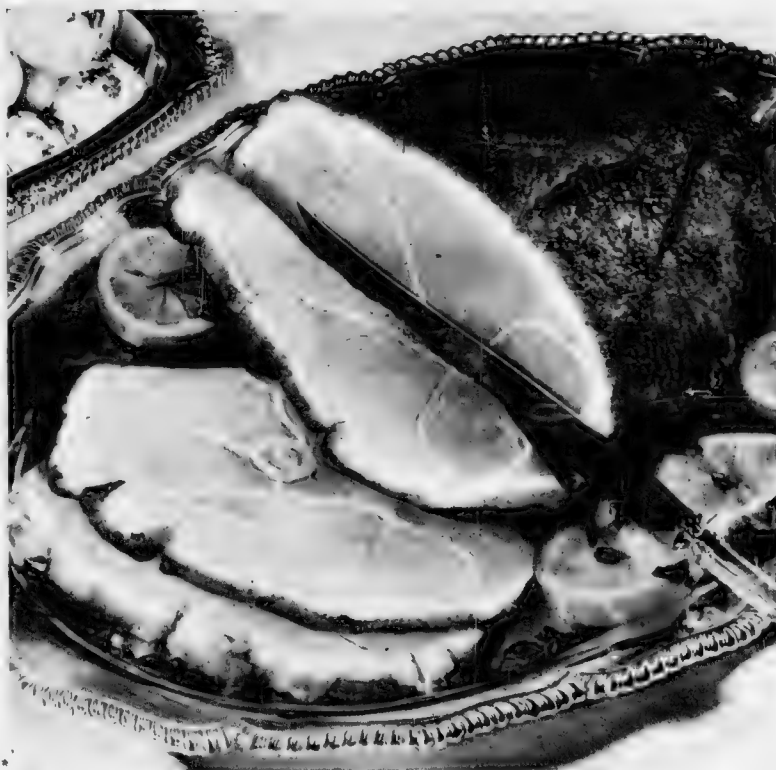
We hope a million families will accept Snow White's invitation to enjoy this very special Meal of the Month. For this fine feast, you'll want the finest ham. Tell your dealer you want Armour's Star Ham. From the selection of the hams themselves to the last week of the many weeks required to cure them, they are given such care that their texture and flavor are incomparable.

You can get Armour's Star Ham where you see Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs in the window. And get a set of beautifully colored stamps the children will love.



ARMOUR'S STAR SMOKED HAM • ARMOUR'S STAR JUBILEE HAM (MELLOW-COOKED)
ARMOUR'S STAR CANNED HAM • ARMOUR'S STAR HAM IN THE NEW SLICE-PACKAGE

Copyright 1938, Armour and Company



TO PREPARE: Remove wrappings but not the rind, and put ham in open roasting pan fat side up. Cover with inside wrapper. Bake in 300° oven, 18 or 20 minutes to the pound. One hour before done, remove rind, pour off fat, and score. Make paste of brown sugar, orange juice, and grated orange rind; spread over surface and complete baking. Garnish with orange slices and parsley.

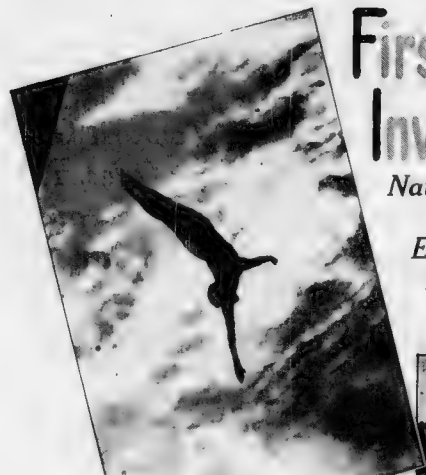


Each Stamp 2" x 1 1/2"

BOYS AND GIRLS!
8 Story Stamps

FREE! Latest craze of boys and girls! Clip and present this to your dealer for free sheet of 8 beautifully colored stamps, all different, illustrating scenes and characters of the famous story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. No obligation to buy anything. Compliments of Armour and Company.

Nature Provided Us With an Extra Atmospheric Skin in Case of Emergency, and Here Are Some Photographs That Show How Substantial It Really Is



The Beginning
of the Series—the Dive
in Mid Air on His Way to the
Water Sharply Silhouetted With No
Hint of Any Lascivious Overalls.

INVISIBLE has not always been a term reserved for the invisible. In fact, it's perhaps the only word that has become nearer, in the form of the word, and more nearly transparent fabrics for feminine clothing, if not for masculine. But there already exists and always has existed an invisible overcoat or more correct, an invisible evening which every woman has worn most of the time without ever knowing anything about it.

This is the important thing of air that everyone carries around. Because as a useful product, it can improve his skin. And just as the new selection or fashion, it can help have helped science, it can help many of the facts previously unknown about many different natural objects. It can help to break a popularly designed, improved picture camera with a special lens for capturing the quality of the atmosphere, to supply proof of the protective atmosphere of every human being and to make it visible.

On this page are shown the first pictures of divers plunging into a pool of water and apparently bathed, under water, in envelopes of burning flame, like a circus diver who soaks his clothes in gasoline, sets himself on fire and dives through air into a tank of water which puts out the flames.

In these pictures, however, the apparent flame is not flame at all, but is the cover's private overcoat of air, escaping from his body as that body drops swiftly through the water.

Water displaces it so that myriads of tiny air bubbles rise to the surface in a swift froth which it takes the fast lens of a high-speed motion picture camera to catch. Even after the diver reaches the bottom and pauses there for a few seconds as the great one of the pictures is being, there are a few

Bathing Girl Completely Freed of the Aerial Envelope Sitting Momentarily at the Bottom of the Pool as She Attracts the Fish With a Bell and Holds Food for Them. She Can Remain There Only a Short Time Before She Must Again Go to the Surface for Air

is to their babies of the coming of
the "big" boys, whose rise and fall
to the surface to join their fellows
that a few have escaped.

Existence of a layer of air that clings more or less tightly to the surface of the body, not unlike the layer of water that will cling to a stone or a piece of wood that has been long submerged first was discovered by the scientists studying human perspiration and the effect of different temperatures, drafts and so forth on the human skin.

It is no longer that an electric fan is a hot room with a people inside. It is a hot room with a fan blowing air over it. This is a partly false statement of evaporation from the skin with its corresponding cooling effect. This evaporation can happen however only because the swift breeze of the fan is carrying away the cooling agent.

In a warm room the air which is not stirred, a thin layer of stagnant air clings close to the skin's surface, gets saturated with moisture and interferes with fast evaporation of the perspiration and accordingly too with cooling. In hot weather this is bad and fans that help to drive it away are beneficial, but in cold weather the surface layer of air helps keep the body warm.



He Plunges Into the Water and the Super-Sensitive Eye of the Underwater Camera Shows a Geyser-Like Outburst of the Aerial Aura of His Body.

best heat insulators that
exist.

For the wholeness which also

For the whales, which also are warm-blooded animals and once lived on land just as did the ancestors of the man at the Bottom of the Pool as Shih Tzu are Only a Short Time Be-



Up Stream the Bubbles, Steadily Lessening the Covering
and the Outspread Arms of the Diver Almost
Emerge Into Sight.



The Plunge
Toward the Bottom and
the Atmospheric Layer, Still
Clinging, Bursts Into Myriads of
Bubbles Hiding the Body of the Diver
From the Peculiar Camera Eye.

scale. Nature has furnished a different job. As at birth the hair originally on the whale's skin has vanished in the course of ages of evolution, but has been replaced by the thick layer of fat or "blubber" accumulated underneath.

Fat is not so good a heat insulator as air is but perhaps Nature found that it was difficult to keep on the skin of a creature as large as a whale a

layer of air thick enough to provide protection even if the whale's hair was long and thick. So whale hair gradually has been abandoned; the private air covers up as a result, and whales are forced to rely on the air far closer underneath their skins instead of by a relatively thin air layer outside them.

Divers wearing nothing but thin bathing suits are like those whose pictures are on his page: a deep 10 ft. or so of the layer of air around their bodies the instant that they dive beneath the water's surface. By the time that a deep dive is over, the process of losing one's air coating is almost complete. That is one reason why divers in chilly water are seldom comfortable.

instead of made. Realizing that their original layer of protective air soon will be swept off by the water, such swimmers provide a partial substitute.

Another way if you're not for the extra weight would be to wear a 3/4 skin bathing suit held fast to the air layer and keep your the same way that the seal does.

[illegible]

Even for a human diver the private atmosphere that exists around the skin and starts down when the diver does might be of considerable use for underwater breath purposes. In fact, it stays there or can be kept there by using a special type of the skin and respiratory and other organs. If human form stays in the water and people off the human hair layer, as these pictures show, so that human divers can stay under water only so long as is made possible by the air they take down with them in their artificial or some artificial apply like that come through a deep-sea diver's nose.

Even When a Bather Steps Slowly Into the Bath and Sits Down, the Atmospheric Envelop Is slow to Tear Itself Away, and Here Is Seen the Last of This Covering Bubbling Up From the Foot and knee to Release Itself at the Surface



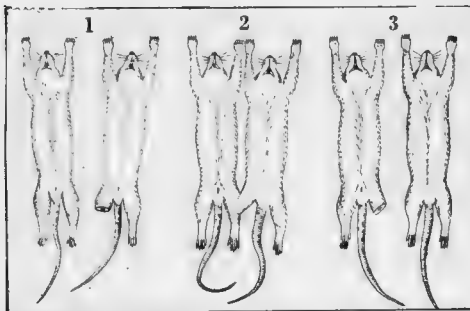


Diagram Showing the Three Essential Stages in Replacing An Amputated Leg by a Leg from Another Animal—Photographs of the Actual Process Appear Below.
1.—Amputation of Leg At Right and Incision Into Leg of Rat Giving Up Its Leg.
2.—Stump of the Amputated Leg Joined to the Incision.
3.—The Leg from Rat At Left—Healthy and Working—on Rat At Right.



Two Rats, About to Become Subjects of Dr. Schmidt's Experiment. Are Placed in a Bottle for Anesthesia. The Left Hind Leg of the Rat Donor Is Severed and Discarded, as Shown by the Photograph at the Right, While the Rat Is Still Under Deep Anesthesia.



"Pec-Mac" One of Dr. Schmidt's Rats Who Has a Foot Grafted to Its Neck. Sensory Nerves Have Grown Into It But It Has No Muscle Control.

By E. E. FREE, Ph. D.,
Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Member Washington Academy of Sciences, etc., etc.

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ONE of the oldest dreams of humanity is an earthly immortality. There may be a life beyond the grave, but apparently the righteous as well as the wicked prefer to stay on earth as long as possible. Goethe in his "Faust" gathered this dream of humanity into one comprehensive drama. The same story runs through the literature of all countries and of all ages. H. G. Wells, imaginative genius, gives one phase of it in his curious "Island of Dr. Moreau," where the super-surgeon endeavors to carve the bodies of beasts into the shape of humanity so that he may learn to carve the human clay to Godlike shape. "Old lamps for new," cried the magician in the Arabian Nights story of Aladdin and the magic lamp.

And "New Bodies for Old," is the appeal of humanity to science, the modern magician.

What a wonderful thing it would be if, when we became old, our head with its brain, the sanctuary of our personality, containing all our memories, could be cut off and transplanted upon the neck of a fresh, young healthy body. All that youthful body's glands and organs would be youthfully functioning. Soon the wrinkled cheeks of the substituted head would become plump and firm and fresh-

ly colored; the bald head or the thinned hair give way to a luxuriant crop. The brain would grow youthful, keener, its own powers retained and strengthened.

The eyes would be dimmed with age but new, fresh youthful eyes would be placed in the sockets, with the optic nerve joined perfectly to the brain so the new eyes would see out of the old skull.

This would be to be reborn indeed. Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth; the elixir of life the alchemists sought for; the thing that the kings of France bathed in maidens' blood to win.

All these things are legitimate dreams for the future. Man may have new arms and legs fitted to him. He may have brand new eyes fitted into his head. He may have a worn-out stomach extirpated and a new one put in its place. He may have the glands that seem to control the ageing of the body taken out when they are deficient and new ones put in their place.

He may even be able to exchange a new body for his old one, retaining his brain!

How many thousands of years in the future all this may be uncertain. But science does not now say that they are impossibilities.

In Austria, Professor Hans Przibram, brilliant surgeon and Professor of Experimental Zoology at the University of Vienna has not succeeded as reports indicated, in transplanting the heads of guinea pigs. But he has succeeded in replanting the heads of a complex insect allied to the grasshopper and the transplanted head has linked up with the body and functioned perfectly. Presumably whatever nerves there were in the transplanted head, whatever of insect intellectuality, survived.

Mrs. Irene Sawyer, who the Sight of One Eye What She Would Have Right, etc.



After 9 Days the Two Rats Can Walk Around, and When the Grafted Leg Is Healed It Is Cut Off from Its Original Owner and Becomes a Healthy Working Limb.

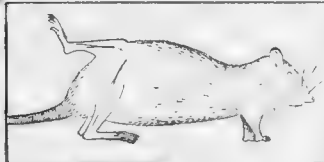


Diagram Showing How the Sciatic Nerve Has Been Reconnected from "Mickey" (the Rat With the Fifth Leg) to the Right Hind Leg of the New Fifth Leg Grafted to His Back.



When the Stump of One and the Leg of the Other Are Joined, As Shown in Figure 2 of the Diagram, the Rats Are Taped Together, But the Legs Left Free.

(On the Right)

"Mickey," Who Has a Fifth Leg Grafted by Dr. Schmidt Had Way Up from His Left Hind One Toward His Spine It Is Massaged Daily to Help His Circulation.

No far about the only repair to the human eye that has been accomplished has been a transplantation of the cornea, or the transparent front of the eye, from one eye to another, replacing clouded or useless ones. But Prof. Przibram has taken entire eyes out of one nest, an amphibian from three to six inches long, put the whole eye into the socket of another so skillfully that the optic nerve has joined with the brain of the creature and it sees as though with its own eyes.

Professor Przibram says that not only has this been done on amphibians but in some instances even on rats and rabbits and it is not a long step between rats and rabbits and man.

Dr. Justin Schmidt, of Loyola University, Chicago, in a series of most astonishing re-

Man's Growing Hope

Eyes That Can See to the Blind, Healthy Organs for Those Who Can't, and Even More

ent. of old age is a
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At Left a Neck With Grafted Eyes Removed from the Specimen At the Right Which Is Now Blind. After Some Time These Grafted Eyes Function, and the Optic Nerves Are Found to Be Connected with the Brain.

th Her Son, Roger, for Whom She Was Willing to Sacrifice That He Might See Once More from His Useless Right Eye. A Gift Was the Cornea of the Experiment Shown at the Whole Eye Was Successfully Transplanted

cent experiments, has succeeded in grafting new legs upon rats. In these, the nerve connections are maintained and so is the muscular control.

He has even made rats with five usable legs instead of four. And indeed in one case he has transplanted a foot behind a rat's head, upon its neck.

These are not idle experiments. The root of their purpose is to aid mankind. Once we learn how to grow successfully a new leg on a rat, we open the way to give a new leg to a man who has lost one; not only a leg, but an arm, a hand, a foot.

This is real progress in providing new bodies for old.

Concerning the experiments by Professor Prazbram referred to, our attention was attracted not long ago by a short article in an Italian magazine, saying that he had succeeded in grafting new heads upon guinea pigs. If this was so, it was truly amazing, since the guinea pig is a vertebrate and a mammal, and if a method had been found to transplant heads on guinea pigs, there was not much ground to be covered before learning how to transplant one human head on the body of another.

We sent to Dr. Prazbram asking him for the facts of the matter and we received a very interesting report from him with various photographs and diagrams which appear on this page.

"Recently, I was surprised by receiving letters from Hungary and Italy in which I was implored by invalids to restore their lost legs or disabled arms. They had read articles in some newspapers of their countries in which some very startling news indeed must have been printed, for I was informed by said correspondents that they believed in my power not only to graft limbs on human beings, but also to interchange heads in mammals.

"It is not agreeable for a scientist to see his name misused in a sensational manner but he rarely is able to spend time and energy on tracing the origin of such rumors and to get an opportunity of correcting misstatements which are apt to alarm the public or to discredit experimental work executed in his laboratory.

legs and heads, I have interested myself in finding out how the rumor of transplanted heads in guinea pigs could have arisen.

"I have at last succeeded in obtaining the original notice, which appeared in an Hungarian daily journal. The author had apparently studied my book on Animal Grafting (published by Viewegs of Braunschweig in 1926) and our subsequent communications to the Viennese Academy of Science. Obviously not being a scientist, he cites experiments mixing up different facts but not committing himself to the statement that head grafting has been achieved in the higher animals.

"Before entering on the causes of exaggerated reports following the Hungarian article in the Italian press, it is necessary to give a short epitome of the method we employ and the results we have achieved in our laboratory bearing on animal grafting.

"More than thirty-five years ago I had found that the visceral disc easily shed in Antedon, an animal related to the starfish and the sea-urchin, may be interchanged between two specimens. Each of these then clutches its new part and presses it against the calyx in the natural position. In a few days the graft has become firmly attached to the stock and in time all functions such as intake of food, digestion and output of waste material are restored.

"It was not necessary to employ artificial means for fixing the graft, such as were used formerly in transplantation and which included sewing, binding, gluing or pressing together with slabs of glass or metal. The ease shown by Antedon of restoring function to the graft, which had merely been held in place by means proper to the animal, suggested that in other cases also the function of transplants could be achieved if artificial means were avoided. The insults inflicted hitherto on the nerves may have prevented the establishment of function, although skin, connective tissue, muscles and even bones may have joined satisfactorily.

"Another example of 'self-sustaining' or 'autophoric' grafting was afforded by the eye of vertebrates, which first was removed from its socket and replaced with functional success, in our laboratory, by Theodor Koppanyi, now Professor at the University of Washington. These experiments have been amply confirmed by various zoologists on amphibians and in some instances on rats and rabbits, although the oculists are extremely skeptical as to the possibility of nerve regeneration in warm-blooded animals.

"Contrary to the statement in the Hungarian



From the Humble Diapippus to Humankind is a Large Gap, But the Fact That Their Heads Can Be Transplanted Suggests to Scientists That Eventually An Old Human Head May Be Placed on a Young Body, the Brain and Membranes Remain Intact, and Thus Accomplish True Regeneration. At Right Are Photographs of the Head and Neck of Two Diapippus, Which Belong to the Grasshopper Family, Normal Specimen at Left and Specimen with Replanted Head at Right.

article referred to, no instance of restoration of sight through transplantation of the whole eye has been reported in man, the case therein cited from a paper by Weekers and Lambrecht referring only to the fact that the graft grew fast anatomically.

"We never have tried grafting legs in mammals. In the last few years my pupils have succeeded in exchanging limbs in the Indian stick-insect, *Diapippus morosus*, belonging to the family of grasshoppers. In these experiments full function has been reached after several months.

"It has been known for a long time that insects may live for several weeks after removal of their heads. Re-investigating former experiments on the possibility of grafting and interchanging heads in insects, a young Italian student, Mr. Atina Malabotte, proved, beyond doubt that in our *Diapippus* the head removed in the nymph stage and immediately replanted can grow on and take up the functions of eating, swallowing and moving its appendages. The animal even moults and then lays eggs. Curiously enough, in some instances the nerves are found to be connected again between head and rump while in others they have not become attached, but the movement of the animal resembles the normal in both cases.

"Keeping your experiments in view, we may now proceed to unravel the mysterious message that heads and legs have been transplanted with functional success in 'guinea pigs and other animals.' In the Hungarian article my experiments on Antedon were alluded to, using the Hungarian term 'tengeri szék' which signifies in verbal 'the seat of the sea.' Unfortunately, the article being translated into Italian, the Hungarian word was taken as signifying a hog from overseas, a 'guinea pig.' Thus the Italian public was informed that the experiments on functional grafting of heads and members related not only to grasshoppers but also to guinea pigs.

"We are tempted to draw the conclusion, that it is much easier to change a whole sea-urchin into a guinea pig, than to change a part of the animal by grafting, even after my autophoric method."

These are truly amazing achievements. Replacing a lost cornea of the eye and the substitution of a healthy one is now a perfected technique, but what is needed is to discover how a whole eye, or a pair of eyes, taken from some body recently dead, could be placed in the sockets of the blind. If the blindness is not caused by any trouble of the optic nerve, but to an injury of the eyeball itself, that is one problem. But if the trouble is in the optic nerve itself, then the problem becomes much more difficult because the optic nerve in many ways resembles a prolongation of the brain.

But Professor Prazbram's real miracle of transplanting healthy eyes to the head of a newt, as shown by his photographs on this page, gives hope of the far greater miracle of restoring to our blind the sight.

The transplanted eyes of the newt functioned perfectly and Professor Prazbram, upon the photograph shown here, comments:

"The newt with the grafted eyes is to the left; beside is the specimen, at the right, from which the eyes were taken. After some time these transplanted eyes became fully functional, and the optic nerves are found to be connected with the brain."

Much sympathetic attention was attracted by the recent offer of Mrs. Irene Lavery, of North Wales, Pennsylvania, to sacrifice the sight of one of her eyes, if by doing so she could restore sight



Disc Containing Chief Organs of the Antedon (A Species of Starfish). Brain Out of Its Socket by Pinners and About to Be Placed in the Excised Animal at Left. Below It Is a Photograph of This Same Animal, Able Now with Its Transplanted Organs to Use Its Mouth, Forelimbs, Fins, Move Its Arms and Attach Its Root Tentacles to the Soil.

to the right eye of her baby boy, Roger.

The cornea is at the very front of the eyeball, a kind of window behind which is what is known as the aqueous humor, a transparent liquid. Behind the aqueous humor is the crystalline lens through which light and its images pass to the retina of the eye, and thence to the seeing center in the brain. The operation of transplanting a cornea is a delicate one partly because of the danger of loss of the aqueous humor.

Mrs. Lavery explained that her husband would gladly have done the same thing and that she knew that he had wanted to do so with one of his own eyes but, as he was the breadwinner for the family, she would not agree. At the same time, she did not want her son to suffer his monocular handicap.

Naively she explained that probably if they had enough money they could buy somebody's eye, but as they had not enough there seemed only one thing to do and that was to give up one of her own. It was explained to Mrs. Lavery that she need not make this great sacrifice, as other corneas were available from still-born babies or other youngsters who had died from some cause not affecting the eyes.

Every hour of the day in every large hospital in the world men and women are dying from old age. Often it is only a single organ which has failed or grown old prematurely. Heart, brain, kidneys or some other among the bodily units has ceased to do its job and the whole body must die.

During the same hour in those same hospitals healthy organs of other individuals are condemned to death because something else has happened to the body in which they belong. Victims of accidents or sudden disease die and all their organs must die with them, even if most of those organs are entirely undamaged.

To every surgeon contemplating this situation there involuntarily occurred many times the hope of organ transplantation. In the body of an accident victim there may be, for example, a perfectly sound heart. In the next ward is an otherwise healthy and vigorous body dying of heart disease. What more simple, in theory, than to take the good heart from the hopelessly broken body in one ward, transplant it into the good body whose heart is failing in another ward? Avoidance of ordinary old age is only a small part of the problem. Equally important to millions of human beings would be a possibility of repairing ill or damaged bodies by "spare parts" available from accident victims or otherwise; even by

(Continued on Page 18)

Rich, tender macaroni-and-cheese *ready in 9 minutes!*



1 NO BAKING or blanching needed! Simply boil the Kraft Dinner macaroni 7 minutes and it's tender and fluffy!

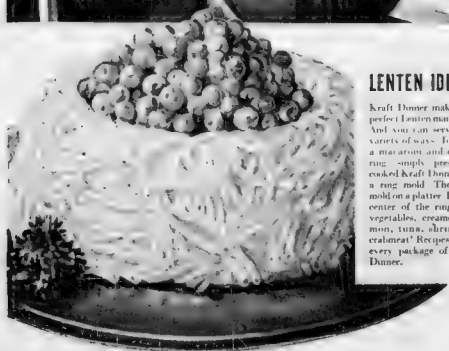


SURE I'LL HAVE MORE OF THAT MACARONI-AND-CHEESE. IT'S THE BEST YOU EVER MADE

IT'S CALLED KRAFT DINNER AND I MADE IT IN 9 MINUTES



2 Also in the Kraft Dinner package is a special grated cheese. With a little butter and milk it makes a rich sauce in a twinkling!



LENTEN IDEAS!

Kraft Dinner makes the perfect Lenten meal! And you can serve it a variety of ways. To make a macaroni and cheese ring—simply press the cooked Kraft Dinner into a ring mold. Then unmold on a platter. Fill the center of the ring with vegetables, creamed salmon, tuna, shrimp or crabmeat! Recipes are in every package of Kraft Dinner.

• No more tedious boiling-blanching-baking process when you want macaroni-and-cheese. No more fuss with grating the cheese! Now—in 9 minutes flat—you can make a whole casseroleful of tender macaroni drenched with cheese goodness. Just get a package of Kraft Dinner!

In each package there's a special macaroni that cooks in only 7 minutes. It's fluffy-light macaroni that never tastes "heavy." Also in the Kraft Dinner package there's a grated Kraft Cheese. With it you can make a rich sauce in a jiffy!

Think of the time you save! And the money you save, too, with this delicious, low cost main dish. Get a package of Kraft Dinner tomorrow and see how good this speedily-made macaroni-and-cheese really is.



3 Add the cooked macaroni to the sauce. A delicious and economical dinner main dish—ready in 9 minutes!

AT YOUR GROCER'S — TRY IT TOMORROW!

Tune in on the Kraft Music Hall! Sing & croon, Bob Burns and famous guest stars. Every Thursday night, N.B.C. stations

BEANS BAKED *

the way you like them!



57

* ALL OVEN-BAKED BY HEINZ



THANKS to Heinz, you can still enjoy those delicious oven-baked beans of your childhood! Grandmother, you'll remember, she baked them long hours in a hot, dry oven—till every nugget was tender and meaty.

To duplicate this old-fashioned treat, Heinz chefs get the finest beans money can buy. Carefully sort and cull them. Bake them

thoroughly in dry-heat ovens. Then they sauce 'em four ways. (1) in molasses sauce with pork—Boston-style; (2) in tomato sauce without pork—vegetarian-style; (3) in tomato sauce with pork; and (4) in their own sweet sauce—red kidney beans.

Serve an inviting, invigorating Heinz bean supper tonight. Take your pick of the four kinds. They're all oven baked—all delicious!



Heinz OVEN-BAKED BEANS

GLORY TO COOKING!



THERE'S glory for the cook who knows how to use Heinz Tomato Ketchup in omelets, steaks and casseroles. For it's a blend of Heinz "aroma-tol" tomatoes, Heinz Vinegars, and a host of other fine flavors that make it a penny's worth of glory.

Heinz TOMATO KETCHUP



57

LIFE-SAVER for Leftovers!



RESCUE the most common kitchen problem—leftovers! By using Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, you'll save a lot of time and money. These spaghetti, tomato sauce, and meat sauce are delicious alone, too. And you can open, in just time. Keep several tins stored away on your pantry shelf for quick-fixing!

Heinz COOKED SPAGHETTI

57

EAT ALL YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT 'EM

WHEN spring brings out the pickle-antics in you—eat Pickle! Heinz Fresh Cucumber Pickle is as good as a green salad. Heinz Pickle is made from Heinz Vinegar and chosen cucumbers. Have a large jar on hand—let everyone help himself!



Heinz FRESH CUCUMBER PICKLE



57

WE'RE LAVISH WITH OUR CREAM!

That's why this is the Cream of Cream of Tomato Soup

We decided that Cream of Tomato Soup—to be worthy of its name—should be as creamy as the finest homemade soup you ever tasted! And so we've put it in a can. First we prepare a smooth puree of Heinz prime "aroma-tol" tomatoes, and blend it with rich cream. Then we add all 21 Heinz Home-Style Soups, Heinz Cream of Tomato is ready to heat and serve. You'll be delighted with its flavor!



Heinz HOME STYLE SOUPS



57

THE FIRST BREATH OF SPRING By Edwin Dial Torgerson

A Story About a Girl Who Learned That Handling Men Is as Easy as Falling Off a Horse.



(Continued from Page 16)

and down the steep descent. It was a dangerous descent, but the horse was trained to go down safely.

For a moment, the horse seemed to be in a daze, as if he were not aware of his own power. But he was, and he was trained to go down safely.

David was not a man who was afraid of horses. He was a man who was trained to handle them. He was a man who was trained to go down safely.

But he was not a man who was trained to handle men. He was a man who was trained to handle horses. He was a man who was trained to go down safely.

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It was a dangerous descent, but the horse was trained to go down safely.

For a moment, the horse seemed to be in a daze, as if he were not aware of his own power. But he was, and he was trained to go down safely.

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But he was not a man who was trained to handle men. He was a man who was trained to handle horses. He was a man who was trained to go down safely.

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no fence and the riders approached it by a road that skirted left hand.

But just as they hurried past an automobile in the road to the right, the horse that was to be the first to go down suddenly snapped. The horse dashed aside into the base of the field.

Rosalie felt herself slipping. She tugged at the reins, sought vainly to cling to the horse's close-cropped mane. Before she could free her left foot of the stirrup she lurched and fell from the saddle. She was unconscious for a moment of thundering hoofbeats close to her ear. Back that by some miracle saved her—until her left foot was jerked free of the stirrup.

She lay still. But even before David, dashing up on his horse, could dismount and help her, she had scrambled to her feet.

"Oh, God, oh, God," David kept panting. "Rosalie, sweet-heart—aren't you hurt?"

"Oh, David, I'm disgraced," she moaned. "To think of all those people who saw me thrown from a horse. Thrown. David, David!"

And she swung upon her horse, heedless of the broken stirrup, and fled from the mob of spectators. David spoke swift words to Carolyn. Then he galloped off in pursuit of his sister girl.

He did not catch up with her for miles. Despite the broken stirrup and the throbbing misery of her knee, which she kept pressed by sheer force of will to her horse's side, she rode him until he had lost all desire for speed.

"I'm ready to go back now," she told David as he drew near. "But your stirrup!" he gasped. "You can't ride with one stirrup."

"If I wanted to," said Rosalie with dignity. "I could ride without any stirrups."

The baseball game broke up once again when Rosalie reappeared. Her habit of riding arm and hand at the knee, dusty and bedraggled, and strands of her hair were plastered to a swelling bump on her perspiring forehead; but she didn't care. She did not try to escape this time.

Players and student rooters alike swarmed about her, and she eyed on by a cheer leader, sent up mighty salutes of applause for the girl who could ride like a centaur.

THERE was a mob of older men the college set—at the Field residence that evening. Some of them had said previously that Carolyn had been invited to see Carolyn, the sponsor. But inevitably they seemed to cluster about the modest-looking Rosalie, whether she sat chattering happily with a gibberish that astounded them, or she lounged, or coaxed to current love songs out of the piano. Her knee still throbbed, but it was no longer a pain.

David ached to see Rosalie suddenly the unforgiving night was smitten by the gay and triumphant bars of a whistled song. Somebody down the street was whistling "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

alone. He managed it only when he himself was departing. Halfway down the steps he turned and called to Rosalie, who came back out to see what he wanted.

"I wanted to ask you," said David swiftly. "If you wear this, Rosalie, you're not wearing anything else's first pin, are you?"

The veranda light revealed his marvelous pin—his offering to her alone, the only girl he could give it to.

She had been afraid that Carolyn would take David away from her—she had been paralyzed by fear and hadn't known what to do.

"Now she knows that she was herself pretty—more so than Carolyn, for all her fine clothes and airiness."

But Rosalie the day, this night, had learned things. There had stolen into her candid and modest being a consciousness of power, of her unassailable power. She knew at last—and she knew—how to handle men. Easy as falling off a horse.

"Why don't you tell me?" implored the girl David. "Is there anything else?"

Rosalie nodded slowly, looked contrite, as though it hurt her worse than it could hurt him. "It is—that is, I can't—I haven't made up my mind. David, give me a little time, won't you?"

"Please take it now," pleaded David. "You know I'm going off tomorrow."

"But you're coming by to tell me good-bye, aren't you, David?" I could tell you then.

"But tell me tonight—won't you please, Rosalie?" Rosalie pondered, aggravatingly. They sat on the steps to talk it over. They sat there, it seemed to Carolyn, two hours.

"Tell me, David," proposed Rosalie at length. "If you see me tonight at the window, will you decide yes? I've just got to have time to think it over. Will you wait for me?"

"Yes," whispered David fervently, and with infinite tenderness he kissed the bump on her forehead.

HE HAD gone, and for ages afterward Carolyn would talk. Rosalie thought the girl would never run out of things to say. She talked at length about everything and everybody except "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

Rosalie told her good-night three times, and even long after that there was a light in Carolyn's room, for she was sitting up in bed reading a novel.

It was past two o'clock when Rosalie saw the light at length extinguished. She waited fifteen minutes longer and then crept downstairs, a lovely Lady Macbeth with a game knee, and possessed herself with a candlestick.

At the open casement window a night breeze that hunted in ripples at the flame of her candle. She stood there for a long moment and smiled, and blew a kiss into the darkness.

Suddenly the unforgiving night was smitten by the gay and triumphant bars of a whistled song. Somebody down the street was whistling "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi."

THE END.

ASK FOR Kurb new tablets for women's trying days

Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets. A new scientific compound that gives women the relief they need during their trying days. It's the only medicine that's safe and effective. It's the only medicine that's gentle and easy to take. It's the only medicine that's quick and sure. It's the only medicine that's reliable and trustworthy. It's the only medicine that's the best for women's trying days.

Lessen many discomforts. Kurb Tablets are the only medicine that's safe and effective. It's the only medicine that's gentle and easy to take. It's the only medicine that's quick and sure. It's the only medicine that's reliable and trustworthy. It's the only medicine that's the best for women's trying days.

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Amazing New Shampoo TINTS HAIR. Kurb Tablets are the only medicine that's safe and effective. It's the only medicine that's gentle and easy to take. It's the only medicine that's quick and sure. It's the only medicine that's reliable and trustworthy. It's the only medicine that's the best for women's trying days.

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A Beauty Aid for the Easter Parade. Beautiful women with new hair styles... Solo Curl Roller. 25¢. ON SALE AT 5 & 10 STORES EVERYWHERE.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHAMPIONS. For Better Engine Performance. When your car was delivered by your dealer, it was as dependable in speed, power, acceleration and economy, as careful, painstaking engineering could make it. If you service it regularly and check and clean spark plugs when you change oil, it will continue to maintain that dependability. For maximum results, it is recommended that new Champion Spark Plugs be installed every 10,000 miles. The saving in gas and oil will soon pay their cost. Champion Spark Plugs are dependable because you can depend on them to render better service over a longer period than any other. See your Champion Spark Plug dealer this week.

How the Prophets May Have Seen the Future. (Continued from Page 5.) And this prophecy came true to the year. For after the Jews were permitted to return to Canaan, to rebuild the temple at Jerusalem, it was exactly 70 years when that temple was dedicated from the year of the taking of Jerusalem and the destruction of the first temple there. Thus Jeremiah, with the inspiration of prophecy upon him, was able to measure future time and this fix the years that would elapse between the destruction of the old temple and the completion of the new. In dreams, when the volition is quiescent, time may also merge into a continuous stream, as in the dreams of Joseph in which he saw himself as a standing sheaf to which the eleven sheaves of his brothers bowed down, and the sheaf of his father and the sheaf of his mother bowed down, as was realized when Joseph became king in Egypt and his brothers and parents paid him reverence. The murder of William Terriss, a famous English actor, near the stage door of the Adelphi Theatre, in London, was seen three times in dreams by the late Jesse Millward, a well-known actress and his long time lover before a man named Terriss was a kid. Miss Millward confided to a friend after her final dream to the night of the tragedy that she had a presentiment something terrible would happen to Terriss, but she refused to tell him the cause, she feared he would ridicule her. She had seemed to see him slain, lying at her feet. On the night of the slaying she heard his cries and rushing from her dressing room found him dying in the passage near the stage door. The strange disappearance of Alfred Dreyfus, the famous military man and man of mystery who vanished from his private apartment over the English Channel gives rise to the suggestion that he might have looked up the stream of time in view of his remarks previous to his death. Dreyfus had a conversation with an American friend a week before his last aeroplane trip in which he said, "I have a premonition of pending tragedy. I'm afraid I'm not going to live long several times lately. I have felt as if I were already dead."

Under such omiscient circumstances the policeman would know where the burglar was going to strike, but the burglar, knowing the policeman would be there, would change his plans. This would make the policeman change again and they would keep on changing until it would hardly be worth while to be either a burglar or a policeman. With everyone practicing pre-emption and tinkering with the future, the world would be a madhouse.

UGLY PAINFUL CORNS. need new scientific treatment. DON'T PARE CORNS. Remove them Root and All—with the modern double-action Blue-Jay method. DONT let ugly, painful corns spoil your fun, single your nerves and don't take chances with dangerous, old-fashioned paring methods or untested remedies that only affect the surface of a corn—leave the root to come back bigger, more painful than ever. New corns get quick, sure relief. Remove corns root and all with the new double-action Blue-Jay method. The new scientific Blue-Jay plaster instantly by removing pressure, then in 3-5 days the corns fly out root and all! Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application. Try Blue-Jay Plaster for 6. Same price in Canada. BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS. REMOVE CORN ROOT AND ALL.

Premier's Big Offer

Saves You Up to \$20

"Premier gives you this Extra Advantage!"



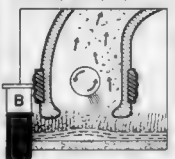
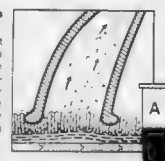
Premier's "Vibra-Sweep Double-Brush"

"KICKS UP"
deep-down dirt...
really cleans rugs!

Diagrams show how different cleaner types clean rugs—PROVE Premier superiority!

TYPE A... Suction alone gets surface dirt only

Figure A shows amount of dirt removed from a rug by suction alone. Proof that suction alone merely ties up rugs by removing surface litter and light, dusty dirt. It cannot possibly remove deep-down dirt and the sand grit at the bottom of rugs which eventually destroy nap.



TYPE B... Single-brush cleaning better than suction alone. Figure B shows a greater amount of dirt removed from rug by single-brush cleaner than by suction alone. An ordinary vacuum cleaner with a brush having just one row of bristles gets a little more dirt than the suction type.

PREMIER'S TYPE... "Vibra-Sweep Double-Brush" and suction really cleans!

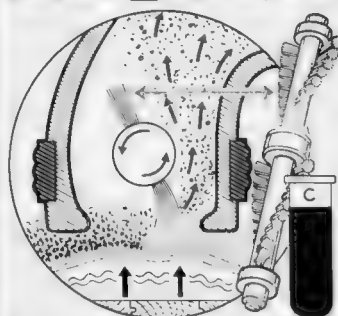
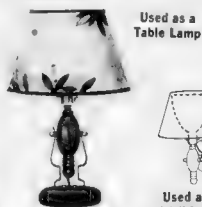


Figure C shows still greater amount of dirt removed from identical rug by Premier's "Vibra-Sweep Double-Brush" and powerful suction. And here's why! Premier's famous "Vibra-Sweep Double-Brush" actually vibrates your rug on a cushion of air, indicated by black arrows. This action "kicks up" the deep-down nap, destroying imbedded grit and dirt—then whisks it into the bag along with all surface lint and litter by powerful suction.

1 SAVE \$10.00! This powerful Premier Cleaner, Model PR-30, with "Vibra-Sweep double-action" brush, regularly priced at \$49.50—yours for only \$39.50 and your old cleaner. Note: look at Item 2, a handsome lamp yours at no extra cost.

\$39.50
AND YOUR OLD CLEANER
EASY TERMS



Used as a Table Lamp



Used as a Wall Lamp

2 SAVE \$3.50! Included at no extra cost...this splendid 2-position "Better Light—Better Sight" lamp—complete with diffuser bowl and 100 watt G-E bulb. Worth \$3.50 or more. Picture shows lamp as used on table. Sketch shows how it may be attached to wall. Yes—included at no extra cost with floor cleaner shown at right. If you need a hand cleaner, Item 3 offers another bargain value.



3 SAVE \$6.50! This \$16.50 Premier Hand Cleaner with motor-driven brush is yours for only \$10.00 when purchased in this sensational Big 3 Offer. It's not a "toy" suction cleaner—but has same "Vibra-Sweep double-action" type of brush as floor model. Gives fabrics, drapes, and other materials the same thorough cleaning that floor Premier gives your rugs. Accessories shown here are included.

Save \$20.00 by buying all 3 for only \$49.50 and your old cleaner!

ONLY PREMIER GIVES YOU "VIBRA-SWEEP DOUBLE-BRUSH" CLEANING
The Kind That Really Cleans!



SEARCH LIGHT! Improved dirt detector takes the guess-work out of cleaning.
STREAM-LINED! Designed to go under lower furniture than any other cleaner.
RUBBER GUARD! Protects furniture, baseboards and walls from scratches.
RELIABLE! Premier is made by one of the largest and oldest vacuum cleaner manufacturers.

For biggest vacuum cleaner value in Premier history...
See your nearest Premier dealer now!

PREMIER DIVISION, ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO., INC. • 230 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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BRAINTREE
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HUDSON
Fred B. Dawes
129 Main St.
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A. B. Sutherland Co.
LOWELL
Dona N. Doucette
683 Merrimac St.
LYNN
Premier Division
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Without any obligation on my part, please send me a Premier Double-Brush Vacuum Cleaner.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Telephone (optional) _____

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1734 E. 17th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

ARK OF FIRE

By JOHN HAWKINS

(Continued from Page 11)

light must be fully clothed. Severe burns can result from only a few minutes' exposure to the sun's rays.

And always the black knowledge lay like a great weight in Hill's mind. It was a murder, old blooded, ruthless mass murder. The War Lords had played children's games against them. Their cannon, gas, flame-throwers, rocket shells tore through the ages had never taken human life or the soul planned by De Spain.

"Cold sweat came out on Steven Hill's back. While the world raced to destruction he waited quietly beside De Spain's daughter.

He felt her eyes upon him then, and spoke because he knew he must. "But—but what if some people come through the heat? Isn't there some chance of that?"

"There's nothing," said the number. "Possibly, but the number will be very small. Father has taken that into consideration. There is a fleet of the world's fastest bombing ships in the hangar above us."

"Of course, to be sure that the escape. Nothing has been overlooked. The Ark is a good example of that and you've seen most of it."

He had. The refrigeration units four levels of them where the five years food supply was kept. The clothing supplies, the kitchen, the barracks, the machine-shops, and the animal levels.

And what was more important, he saw a place where the soundless lives could be tapped.

That much of him was a man to kill. Alpha De Spain had been taken care of. He knew already that no more could be taken through the Ark's gamma, gamma without an order. He knew, too, that he could cut into the speaker system, could hear any needed orders over it. The first step. But there were a hundred details yet to be fixed.

This slim and smiling girl was the only key to his puzzle. He tried carefully to draw her out.

"Then you know just what's going to happen in this new world?"

"Of course. Father and I have talked about it ever since I was a little girl. I think I could repeat it all, word-for-word."

A stiff smile touched Hill's lips. "Mind giving me a rough idea?"

"There are two or three possible locations for the final settlement, which will be built after the earth has been returned to its old orbit. None of the buildings now in existence will be usable. The action of the heat and cold will destroy most of them. There will be a Governmental Board, subject to father's decision."

"They were on a cat-walk again this time high above the ground. Twenty or thirty horses galloped along a stream which curved through a grove of leafy trees."

"Father's very proud of this," Theta said. "The growth of the grass and trees can be controlled, and every morning there's fresh pasture."

Hill watched the play of expression around the girl's eyes. "The final settlement isn't what I mean. Its details are easily taken care of with the equipment he's got. But what about the other—the human element? Men will be men; women will still be women, and you can't put them into formulas. That's where the rules go into the downward."

She shook her head. "No, you're wrong. All marriages will be made by the Twelve Emotions won't enter into it at all, just science. That's what's wrong with the world now. Whims of men rule the destiny of nations. One man can plunge the world into a bloody, long-drawn war. One man can retard progress a thousand years."

"Color came into her cheeks, her voice was crisp. That will never happen again, and in the next hundred years man will achieve more than he ever has before."

"Will men and women mingle in this new city?" Hill asked softly.

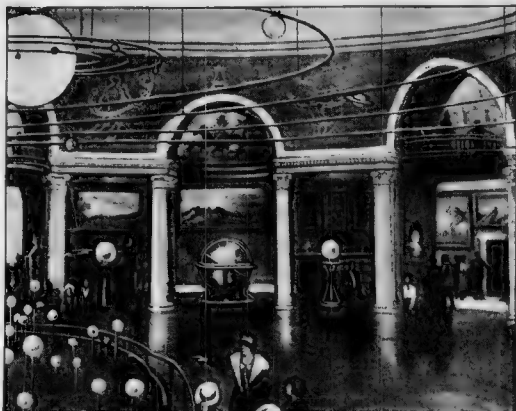
"Of course."

"And if a man and woman fall in love—then what?"

"There will be no place for such futile emotion in the New World," Theta said. "The mechanism."

Hill had begun to know this girl had begun to see how her life had been shaped. Never away from her father. Never out of reach of that warped, malevolent intelligence. Her thought had been directed until it was a mirror-like image of Alpha De Spain's.

Hill found himself suddenly conscious of the curve of her cheek, of long-lashed eyes. He stepped closer, his hands going out to her shoulders, his played



View of the Famous Astronomic Hall in the American Museum of Natural History. From "Natural History," the Journal of the Museum. Readers of the Sun who visit the Ark Around the Sun, as Theta De Spain explained it to Steven Hill, May Find It There.

finger lights lightly into the warmly vibrant flesh.

She turned. For a breathless second they stood that way, while the world raced to that tiny platform. To a single man and woman. To vivid lips, and grey eyes that were no longer coolly aloof.

She was in his arms then, her slender body trembling against his. Her soft lips sweet under his.

For possibly a dozen seconds they remained thus. "This—this is one thing your father forgot," Hill said huskily.

The words seemed to snap the spell. Theta De Spain twisted away, backed up until she was leaning against the guard-rail.

"We can't—color best in waves in her cheeks—"We mustn't. I—I am already promised My marriage to be the first in the new world."

"Who is it?" Hill asked. "She drew herself up, slim and straight. "I am to be married to Erich Bischoff."

"Bischoff?" Hill remembered a portrait which hung in the foyer of the Hall of Mathematics in the De Spain University. A stooped, bearded, fox-faced little man. A hunchback, whose apish arms and twisted legs had defied the best medical skill at birth. But nothing had dimmed the brilliance of his brain, and today Bischoff was the world's foremost mathematician.

Hill laughed harshly. "Bischoff? I don't know he was here. I thought only perfect physical."

"He is perfect." The tinkle of ice laced the words. "There is no fault in his blood, and his body an accident that couldn't happen again in a million years."

"It's rotten, it's rotten!" The words burst from Hill's lips. "Your father is insane! He can't get away with this. The Ark will be wiped off the face of the earth as soon as the word gets to Washington."

"Angry lights glinted in her eyes. "You don't know what you're saying. No disease, no war, no politics, nothing but the fine things, and you—Her voice was a whip-lash. "Washington will never find out! And if they did, it wouldn't matter. You've forgotten the electrified fences. She'll can't hurt us at this depth, and our guns would clean the skies faster than they could send planes to attack."

"He will be stupid, if I have to stop him!" Hill answered, fingers curling.

"Trapped! He knew that when he saw the flood of red creep into Theta's face. He'd said too much. Theta would report to De Spain, and then—"

"You will?" Theta was looking up at him. "You—"

"No! Hill ground out. "He won't, not now. Not after you tell him what—"

"Even David couldn't have been so childlike," Theta came up. "Your elevator is at the end of the walk. You will have no trouble, it's subtly controlled. Good-bye." She walked swiftly away.

Hill stayed there, standing stiffly against the rail, until she had disappeared from sight. Death! That's all there was now. De Spain would order him killed

as casually as he'd reach for a cigarette.

He was all through before he started.

The Vias-phones would be on "A" Level, at least the controls would be there, and the same thing held true for the radio.

There wasn't time to tap the speaker system now, and without an order, "A" Level might as well have been the moon.

Escape! The thought went through Hill's brain like a racing flame. He had to get word to Washington. That this madman was coolly, deliberately murdering the population of the world.

He had to get out ahead of the guards who would be looking for him.

But how? He was still wondering when he left the elevator on "B" Level. Twice, in the gleaming corridor he passed guards Big, uniformed men who wore Delta guns in hip-holsters. Each time, the hair on his neck bristled. Any minute now the horns would order him brought to "A" Level. Any minute.

Hill went to the room that he shared with O'Day. He passed there only long enough to see that the big Irishman's flying clothes were gone, and to read the note propped against the mirror. Another ferry job, back soon.

Hill was sweating then, his lips a bleak line. Somehow, he'd expected O'Day to help. And yet—O'Day must know what was happening, and he must approve, or De Spain wouldn't have trusted him as a contact man.

"Special Order!"

The impersonal voice of the speaker horn brought Hill up with a start. "Van Dyne to 'G' Level at 6:01, report to Norman. Born to the Bull or Level at 6:11 to make contact flight to Miss Sals. Jackson to Dynamo Level at 6:18, to report to—"

Hill was already moving down the corridor. He hadn't been in the Ark long enough to be well-known, and if he wasn't in his quarters when the order came out, he might have a chance.

A thin chance. Sooner or later they'd catch him, but until they did—

He went along a ramp, and door, past another row of doors. He was turning the corner when he saw the man in front of him. Born!

And then, in a single desperate instant, he saw the way. His eyes dropped to his watch. Six-o-one. He lengthened his stride, called, "Born, just a minute. I want to tell you—"

Born swung around, smart face darkening. "You, huh, an' what do you want?"

Hill was beside him. "Listen, Born," he said swiftly. "I'm sorry about that crack in the face. I didn't know you were ribbing me and I lost my head."

"Yes," Born's eyes receded in a dark scowl. "Well, listen, guy. I'm too smart for that. You know I'm going out and you want me to bring something in for you. Well, you'll have to think of a better excuse than that, I'm not."

Hill didn't hear the words. His glance flicked up and down the corridor. Born's raw voice brought Hill's eyes back to the smart man. Maybe. The size

was close enough, and Born's flying jacket had a high collar. If luck held—

"I'm sakin' you for the last time," Born snarled. "What do you want?"

Hill said, "That," and pivoted smoothly from the hips. The smart man's eyes widened, but he never had a chance. Hill's flat swift through Born's half-raised hands to his jaw. There was the sudden smack of bone on flesh. Born took a quick backward step, his legs tangled and he fell heavily.

A full instant, while Hill crouched there waiting. Nothing moved along the shining length of the corridor. Hill was on top of Born then, heaving him over, pushing him through one of the small doors. His luck held, the room was empty.

Seconds slipped away. Hill propped himself upright and worked his jacket off. His breath caught in his throat at the sight of the chest-strap, the shoulder-holster! A gun, his luck was in a black, wickedly compact Delta gun.

Hill checked the fifty-shot clip. Really deadly, those Delta guns. The fat barrel was cushioned against recoil, and had the bulge of the liquid tank above the chamber. That liquid was another of De Spain's early inventions.

Only a spark would explode it and it clicked in the hands of the cartridge case. The bullets were fed from the handle-clip—the liquid from above. A tiny battery supplied the spark. No bigger than the old-fashioned shotgun pellet, a Delta gun when he entered the elevator, just on time.

As Hill pulled his collar about his face for disguise, the door snapped back, and Hill's heels clicked across the floor of the huge hangar. But Born's basser over stiff lips. He was trying—no man could do more. There was the gun—the fifty-shot clip could turn this place into a hell!

The doors overhead came suddenly to life. "Born out in number six."

A red, stubby-winged plane—the one O'Day had flown—rolled across the floor to stop near the door. The motor was chugging eagerly, the propeller a dull silver disc. A white-jumped mechanic appeared in the plane's door, dropped to the floor.

"The mechanic waved at Hill, shouted: "She's right, guy. Kick her ass home!"

The plane step gritted under Hill's foot. He dropped into the pilot's seat, fumbled with the unfamiliar controls. The doors swung up and open. Hill belted himself in the seat, cracked the throttle. The red ship rolled into the hot, bright glare of the sun.

Free! The Ark was dropping behind at two hundred miles an hour as the plane streaked down the runway. Hill asked the stick.

(Continued on Page 23)

IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS!

Hard on Betty! But it made her think—and then...



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